

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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THE SIGN OF SALUTE TO THE GRAND COMMANDER AFTER THE CANDIDATE HAS PASSED THE OUTER DOOR.

## Our Exposure of the Sons of Malta.

The Secret Signs of the Order—Horse-ing the Candidates—The Candidates taking the Oath—The Mystic Jewel—Its other Meaning—The Bible of the Sons of Malta.

We have received a large correspondence upon the subject of our Exposure of the Sons of Malta. The majority approve of our entire course, believing that we have done a great public service by exposing an insidious and indecent sham, and warning the community against an imposition which was growing gigantic in its proportions. Some few anonymous correspondents are very fierce in their denunciations of our treachery, denying the authenticity not only of our illustrations but also of our literary matter, and defying us to proceed in giving the secret signs, &c.

Whenever we commence an enterprise we calculate to carry it through to the end. We count up the cost—we scan all the risks, and nothing can turn us from our course. So that those gentlemen who delight to indulge in incendiary epistles may spare themselves the trouble and the postage—their labor is a useless expenditure of time, paper and money.

Many outsiders think because our illustrations depict such ludicrous scenes that they are mere fancy sketches, but we again assure



THE SIGN OF "DISTRESS!" "I WANT A DRINK!"



THE "GRIP" OF A SON OF MALTA.

our readers that each illustration is a fac-simile of some ceremonial actually seen in Lodges of the Sons of Malta. Upon this subject we have received the following communication from a gentleman in Toronto, Upper Canada, who is well known, and whose word may be relied upon:

Toronto, February 16, 1860.

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.—Sir: Your grand exposure of the Sons of Malta (with very little exception) I am prepared upon oath to substantiate as being quite correct. In the city of Toronto, in the Lodge known as the "East End," of which G. L. Allywin is Grand Commander, I as Past Vice Grand Commander do certify that the torture to which the Candidates are put is in some instances more distressing than described in your paper; in some instances they are put to breaking stones with ponderous hammers, bareheaded and barefooted. You will oblige by giving this note publicity in your invaluable paper, so as to guard any more of the inhabitants being made dupes of, and guard the public



THE SIGN OF "RECOGNITION" BETWEEN THE SONS OF MALTA.

in general against being "sold" by their infernal proceedings. By doing so you will ever oblige your humble servant,

HARRY HENRY, Past Vice G. Commander.

P. S.—I may state for your information that I am not in connection with any Son of Malta Lodge now.

We give one more communication in corroboration of the literal truth of our exposure:

New Haven, Conn., Feb. 23, 1860.

FRANK LESLIE—Your faithful representation of the exposure of the grand humbug termed "Sons of Malta," induces me for the benefit of the still incredulous public to relate my experience in the same line. I was prevailed upon this last winter by my friends, several among whom are "Sons of Malta," assuring me that it was a very benevolent institution, and if I were not perfectly satisfied with the initiation, they would refund the money and make everything satisfactory, and from my experience, I consider a refunding of the five dollars paid for initiation wholly inadequate for the sufferings I had to undergo. First, my name was handed in, together with a party of us who had concluded to join the "Sons," and after waiting in doubt and worry in a dimly-lighted room, speculating as to the first steps of the initiation, we were informed severally that the "Sons" had concluded to let us join their Benevolent Band, and after paying the fee, five dollars, we were each waited upon by a Knight in armor, to the grand room, where was arranged the Grand Patriarch, with long flowing white beard reaching nearly to his knees and long white hair, with his form nearly doubled, looking about one hundred and fifty years old. I afterwards ascertained him to be thirty-five years of age. There was a large box in the middle of the room, with a hideous representation of the devil at each corner, with torches of red, white, blue and green. In this box were four skeletons, one in each corner, with their hands joined, and in their hands a human skull. I acknowledge I was rather struck with astonishment at the view in the box, and was filled with awe. Ranged around the room in



EXPOSURE OF THE SONS OF MALTA.—HORSE AND DONKEY CANDIDATES.—UPON THIS I WAS MADE TO STRIDE; A TUNNEL BEING IN FRONT OF ME, WHICH I WAS TOLD TO HOLD ON TO, AS THE HORSE (I) WENT BY.—NOTE BY A VICTIM



three rows were the hooded knights and monks, and opposite the Grand Patriarch was the Grand Scribe with a pen, the handle of which was composed of a human bone. He had a very large black moustache that covered his mouth nearly up, he not being hooded as the rest. After viewing this until our feelings were wrought to the highest pitch of excitement, we were again conducted to the first room, and after a lapse of about fifteen minutes a knight came and told us that we must consent to be blindfolded, which we consented, and were soon conducted into the presence of the Grand Scribe. Here I was asked a various number of indecent questions which I answered as well as I could, thinking that the best way was to coincide with them in everything. As to the questions what I could do, I, in reply to what I informed them, had to carry a large stone weighing about three hundred and fifty pounds across the room and deposit it on the other side, amid the most infernal noise I ever heard. Then I was conducted to the gallery, blindfolded all the time, and told to walk down a plank about six feet wide, and at an angle of forty-five degrees; of course I had to comply, and starting, I slipped, as the board was greased, and went down, some ten head-first and sometimes on my belly, &c., until I at last landed in a large tub of salt water, about as cold as ice, and as I happened to go in head first, I was nearly strangled with the salt water. Then I was conducted around the room three or four times and stripped of all my clothes with the exception of my drawers, and told to climb a pole for my life. I climbed up about six feet, and then the pole being greased, I made most ridiculous work, being all the time punched in the rear by swords, and I declare I was frightened nearly to death, and my frantic exertions of course were of no avail after trying for some time, until the "Sons" were satisfied with the sport. Then I was put on the railroad car and told to hold on, and soon landed in the blanket. At the first I struck the wall, which flattened my nose, which soon set the claret running, and after being tossed several times, during which I of course was covered with blood, I was laid on a chair to make way for some other poor victim. Now, if all this humbug is called benevolence and all for the good of the public, I think you will agree that it is one of the greatest humbugs of the age. I confess myself completely "sold," and I enjoin on all those that are contemplating joining this society to abstain from doing so, as they will really rue the day they ever joined it.

Yours, in the exposure of the modern humbug, JOHN P. SMITH.

The illustrations on our front page represent the grip and some of the signs used by the Sons of Malta. After the Member has passed the outer door and enters the Lodge he salutes the Grand Commander by placing the extended hands on each side of the head and shaking them, after the manner of a jackass flapping its ears.

The sign of "Distress" is made by placing the open hand, palm downwards, upon the mouth, and signifies "I want a drink!" and the Brother so hailed is compelled to take the thirsty man to the next ten cent saloon, and give him a drink.

The sign of "Recognition" of a Son of Malta is the fore-finger of the right hand pressed against the right side of the nose. The answering sign is the left fore-finger on the left side of the nose.

The Grip is given by shaking hands in the usual way, except that the three first fingers only are grasped, and the little fingers slide as it were between each other.

Horse-ing the candidates is one of the supremely ridiculous ceremonies of this most ridiculous Order of Sons of Malta. It is thus described by "A Victim":

Again was I conducted into the Lodge-room, but how different! Being blindfolded, my escort informed me he would dress me in the robes of the Order, which I afterward found out was the most ludicrous dress they could think of; then I was placed on a horse, so they said, but which was nothing but some padding on two poles. Upon this I was made to stride, a pummel being in front of me, which I was directed to hold on to, as the horse kicked. The fact was, four men raised the poles upon their shoulders and just jumped me round the room in my ridiculous costume.

The Oath conferred upon the candidate and the manner of conferring it is thus described: The candidate, blindfolded, is placed before the altar, his left hand resting upon the Maltese Bible—!!!—the right hand raised and the forefinger pointing towards heaven, but really pointing towards a banner, on which the full figure of a jackass is embossed. The oath is then administered:

I, John Smith, in the presence of the great patron of this Ancient and Most Honorable Order (the jackass) do solemnly promise and declare that I will truly answer such questions as shall now be asked of me by the Grand Chancellor, in whose sublime and sacred presence I now am.

What a mockery and a farce!

The Bible of the Sons of Malta is emblematic of the Brethren, and consists of only two huge pages. On one is the figure of a donkey in the prime of life, on the other a worn-out and decrepit animal of the same species.

The Mystic Sign of the Order, which is displayed in every Lodge, has a double and significant meaning. The Mystic Sign consists of a six-pointed star, with the representative Eye and letters D L A S O M. The letters are thus explained to the candidate: I (eye) Dearly Love A Son Of Malta. So far the sign is satisfactory; but, for the eyes of the Brethren twinkle with suppressed fun, as a mechanical transposition takes place in the letters round the Mystic Sign, which now appears thus: Eye A M S O L D.—that is, I Am Sold!

How glorious are the solemnities and the mysteries of the noble Order of the Sons of Malta!

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**FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.**  
FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, MARCH 3, 1860.

ALL Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

#### TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

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#### Foreign News.

By the Europa we have one week's later news from the Old World. Mr. Gladstone, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, had produced his annual Budget, showing the enormous expenditure of three hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars. He had also proposed the continuance of the Income Tax, and explained the nature of the new commercial treaty with France. Both these statements were favorably received by the House of Commons, as well as the public. The Italian question wears a threatening aspect, as Austria had refused the propositions of the British and French Governments, as being contrary to the Villafranca and Zurich treaties. Russia and Prussia had likewise shown an indisposition to

sanction the dangerous principle of ignoring the legitimate claims of the deposed Italian rulers. The King of Naples had also declared his intention of crossing the frontiers to help them, and this in the face of a joint representation of the French and English ministers at Naples, calling attention to the dangerous condition of his own dominions. There is also considerable gossip in Paris and London on the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France, as the price Sardinia has to pay for the additional Italian territory. Strange to say, the British press does not seem to object to this aggrandisement of their ancient enemy, although it is in direct contradiction to the open avowal of Louis Napoleon at the commencement of the war, and the subsequent assurance of Count Walewski to Lord John Russell. The new commercial treaty seems to have soothed the people of England wonderfully. They now seem inclined to swallow camels instead of straining at gnats.

The Spaniards having beaten the Moors in a pitched battle at Tetuan seem to present another opportunity to the British Ministers to mediate between these Powers with better chances of success. The French troops now in Italy are under orders to occupy Tuscany, and Marshal Vaillant will doubtless move his headquarters from Milan to Florence in a few days. The real meaning of this step is not so very apparent, as it may equally be a threat to Naples or Sardinia, which latter power does not seem inclined to give up Savoy and Nice. A slight revolt had occurred at Acera, a town near Naples, and a state of siege had been proclaimed. The Austrian Government had likewise put all Venetia under martial law.

The Chinese were fortifying the Peiho, and had established a large army of Tartars to oppose the Anglo-French expedition, which was on its way to that river. Altogether the Old World wears a more threatening aspect than it did a month ago.

#### The Great Anniversary.

THE general celebration of the anniversary of Washington's birthday is a convincing proof that, however selfish fanatics and corrupt fire-eaters may talk treason, the great heart of the people is devoted to the preservation of the Union. The respectful observance of these occasions is a healthy sign, showing that patriotism and virtue are still revered by the community, and it is calculated to keep alive in the rising generation principles which too many of our politicians seem to have altogether ignored, but which are really the vital energies of a great nation. We give in our present number a beautiful picture of the statue and pedestal, as they will appear when finished, to commemorate the illustrious warrior and statesman, who led the freemen of his native land against the embattled hosts of a tyrant, and who, equally great in peace and war, after having achieved our independence, laid down his power, and retired to private life, thus presenting to his country the true example of a model Republican, worthy of the purest days of the Greeks.

We trust that the solemn event we have this day illustrated will read a wholesome lesson to the men who are entrusted by a credulous and impulsive people with the government of our great Republic, and that those members of our national councils who now disgrace the American name by personal abuse and physical violence, will be swayed into the outward semblance at least of decency, whenever they gaze on that majestic image, even as the ungrateful Romans were reminded of the services of Manlius when he silently pointed to the Tarpeian Rock.

#### A Papal Acrobat.

THE nuisance that Louis Napoleon has lately suppressed in Paris exists in this favored city. Yes New York has its *L'Univers*, but here the parallel unfortunately ends, for we have no Louis Napoleon to give it a coup de mort! We have, however, instead an antidote in the indifference of the public to ultramontane rotomontade. The New York *L'Univers* enjoys a double circulation, it has its own little set of corner whippers, and when its vagaries are unusually lively an occasional corner in the New York Herald.

It has lately thrown three somersaults in one number, and we consider each of these acrobatic performances as sending the Hanlon Brothers and the Ravels into the shade. Strange to say, these three somersaults have only one object, and that is to go clean through Louis Napoleon as though he were a paper hoop. Leap the first is a ghastly attempt at fun in a review of the meeting at the City Assembly Rooms to express their sympathy with the Italians; the next leap is a dreadful attack on Louis Napoleon for his unkind conduct towards Pope Pius, and for the suppression of *L'Univers*; while the third acrobatic achievement is a third spring through the hoop on account of free trade.

To consider the matter seriously, it is very clear that the Papal elements in this country is opposed to Free Trade, National Independence and Religious Toleration—the three pillars on which the greatness of our Republic rests. We have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that the more enlightened Catholics of our country heartily approve of Louis Napoleon's policy, which cannot fail to triumph in the end.

#### EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

A very Silly Fellow, who adopts Barin as his *nom de plume*, waxes lachrymously indignant over the fact that an English gentleman, Captain Lynch, who recently died in the New York Hospital, has been buried in a pauper's grave—not, forsooth, because he was a gentleman, but because he was "a friend of Thackeray's!" We should think this the least possible of all recommendations, since no writer has more persistently scoffed at all the poetical traditions of daily life than the author of "Vanity Fair." Thackeray is the Voltair of our day, without his wit and without his purpose. The elder attacked the outside of an unholy superstition—the other endeavors to slowly poison the inner life of all faith in the Beautiful!

The Course Pursued by the New York Express in the Hickman and Edmonson affair is a melancholy instance of the warping effects of politics. Mr. Brooks seems to think, because Mr. Edmonson did not break a thick stick over Hickman's head, as Brooks did over Sumner's, that he has nothing to complain of! Possibly the Express men think Mr. Hickman ought to have run away—like Shakespeare's running Brooks! The Express should use a bowler diet!

The Question of Blood is likely to become a very perplexing one. Tattall says it is thicker than water—while our excellent President some decades ago actually requested his friends to have the Democratic blood in his veins pumped out. The Supreme Court of Ohio have lately taken up the question of Blood, to which, no doubt, Bourcienult's "Octoon" has called attention, for it has decided that when a person has more Caucasian crimson in him than Nigger, he does not come under that article of the State Constitution which disfranchises the Negro!

It is very Dangerous "to play the devil among the tailors" is an old motto, chiefly acted upon now by a class of geni called the Bohemians. A few nights ago a tailor, who was dressed as Mephistopheles, all in readiness to attend a masquerade, thought he would frighten the shop boy, who was chopping wood in the cellar. The boy, thinking it was his Satanic Majesty,

threw the chopper at him and bolted. The unfortunate devil received a very ugly gash in his leg. We hope this will cure thoughtless persons of assuming such disguises.

It is quite Refreshing to come upon such a pure Celtic, full-blooded bit of rabidity as this:

"The cool impertinence of the English in their interference with American affairs, and denunciations of the institutions of some of the States of the Union, is excelled only by their own deceitful, treacherous and barbarous nature." Surely this must have been written with a shillelagh dipped in poteen, and not with pen and ink. Will nobody tread on the tail of that gentleman's coat? He's too funny!

A Writer in the Daily News and another in the Express are discussing "Which has travelled most?" The former says:

"The Express will not accept our challenge on the Roman question. It contents itself with 'generalities' which have been repeatedly exposed. We also, Mr. Express, have been over almost all the civilized world, and a good part of broad-spread Turkey, and of Egypt too, and we will add India; yet we most emphatically deny, of our own knowledge, the conclusion the Express has arrived at regarding Rome or its Government. We have spent several years in Rome, and feel that there is nothing radically or practically wrong there which has not its aggravated counterpart in France, Spain, Austria or even England."

Without undertaking to decide which of these two monkeys has seen most of the world, we must say the latter has travelled to some purpose, according to his own account!

Some of our Southern Citizens are very funny. A Louisiana paper says:

"Frederick Southgate Brown has applied to the Louisiana Legislature to authorize him and his children, Alice, Elizabeth, Harriet, Emma, Octavia and Edward, to drop for ever the name of Brown, and go through the world as Southgates, for the reason that 'the acts of the late John Brown, of abolition notoriety, have affixed a stigma upon the name of Brown which is intolerable.'"

There is something solemnly ludicrous in the idea of a man changing his name every time any one of the same sound does anything offensive to morals! A man might box the compass in pursuit of a cognomen unsoiled by some peccadillo. Why did not Southgate Brown try Smith? Who knows anything unpleasant of any of the Smiths?

A few Rowdies in the South are doing their best to degrade the States to which they have the misfortune to belong. In another part of our paper we give the lynching of a man whose only offence, so far as is known, was his obstinate refusal to answer a question. We read in the New York Daily News (a pro-slavery journal) that a decent German pedlar, well-known at Morristown, Pa., was pursuing his avocation in Merriweather, Ga., when he was seized by a brutal mob, his goods destroyed, and then beaten by these fiends till he was insensible. Fortunately amid this Georgian Sodom there was one fearless, humane man, who sheltered him till he was enabled to travel out of such a God-abandoned place.

Washington's Birthday, 1860, will be long remembered for the unnecessary cruelty of the journalists, since the Times, Express and Herald all had supplements. Paying rather dearly for the glorious 22d of February!

A Lord Rochussen, whose best recommendation is that he put up at the Metropolitan Hotel, has written to the London Anti-Slavery Reporter, in which he details how his mock-turtle-aristocratic-democratic-all-men-born-equalism was outraged by Dr. Cheever's congregation not allowing him to thrust his nigger servant into the pew behind himself and wife. He thus states his own case:

"I concluded there were no reserved seats, and I took my place with my wife in one of the pews in the middle of the building facing the pulpit, and placed the servants in the pew behind me. After silent prayer, I was reading in the Psalms, and looking over the hymn-book, waiting for the beginning of the service, when my attention was drawn to some one speaking to my black servant behind me."

Was there ever such impudence? He would not sit in the same pew with his odiferous flunkey, but places him in the pew behind, and yet expects others to put up with the infliction! So much for Rochussen!

#### Personal.

THE Kingston papers say that Elihu Burritt, the distinguished linguist and lecturer, is now on a lecturing tour through Canada.

HIS MAJESTY has conferred an Earldom on Lord Ward, who will henceforth bear the title of Earl of Dudley.

MISS BAKER, the talented blind young lady, is now lecturing on the "Inner Life," in Tennessee, and is meeting with a generous reception.

MR. C. P. LORD, of Lowell, Mass., skated thirty-five miles in two and a half hours, and then walked ten miles in two hours.

LIEUT. CALVIN FARMER, of the U. S. Navy, died of consumption in Buffalo on Saturday night.

MISS SIDDOES, a pupil of Macready, and a lineal descendant of the great Mrs. Siddons, is shortly to appear on the stage, in London, as Lady Macbeth.

JOHN B. LEE, a prominent citizen of Lynchburg, Va., is dead.

COMODORE EMMONS, U. S. N.; Don Jose Berges, Minister from Paraguay; Bernardo Ostalla, M. A. Lagos and Martin Vera, attaches of the Legation, are in Washington.

THE Supreme Court at Philadelphia decided February 20th, that Eva Bell Whitten, commonly known as Ella Burns, shall remain under care of Mrs. Burns, to whom she was apprenticed by her father.

IN the list of recent deaths in Germany, we observe the name of Ernest M. Arndt, a poet, a historian, a journalist, a patriot and a statesman, who was one of the most learned and accomplished writers of Germany, and at the same time one of the leaders of liberal opinion. He was born at Schontz, in the island of Rugen, in 1789, and was consequently, at the time of his death, almost a centenarian.

CAROLINE RICHTER, widow of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, departed this life at Munich, Bavaria, on the 28th of January, aged eighty-four years. She was married in 1801 to Richter, who died on the 14th November, 1828. The New York Evening Post says the only issue of this marriage, a son, came to an untimely end while a student at Heidelberg, during the lifetime of his father.

ARTHUR HAYTER, son of A. W. Hayter, of Boston, has recently been appointed organist of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, London. This old and honorable place was obtained after competition with fifty candidates, and is probably the first instance in which an American has received such an appointment.

A MR. ARWOOD, tailor, and free lover, living at Barton, Vt., recently discovered that there was no affinity between himself and his wife, with whom he had lived for twenty years, and told her so. Last week he eloped with a married woman named Collison, with whom he had a "W. hilverwacht" or "elective affinity." What's in a name?

JIMOTHY PAGE, the Buffalo shoemaker who was cowhided for an alleged insult to a lady in his store, is out in a card, and claims a hearing. He denies having by word, insinuation or action, insulted the lady in question, a Mrs. Johnson. Three persons who were in the store at the time bear witness to the correctness of his assertions. This Page won't stand being turned over.

QUEEN VICTORIA's second daughter has been instructed to fall in love with her cousin, the Prince of Orange. We presume, as it is a "settled affair," that she has done so, and then gone and "walked on the slopes."

THE Mobile Tribune records the marriage on the 1st inst., at the residence of the bride, Choctaw County, Ala., by the Rev. A. Daugherty, "in the prime of youth," Mr. Charles W. Fate, aged about eighty-four years, to Mrs. Elizabeth Conn, aged ninety-six years. As the Italian proverb says, "It is well to marry—late or never."

C. C. COE, the balloonist who was so severely hurt by a fall from a tree near Rome last summer, while attempting to extricate his balloon, is slowly recovering, though he is still confined to his room and can scarcely walk.

GENERAL WILLIAM WALKER left Montgomery, Alabama, February 21st, for Charleston and New York.

We regret to announce the decease, at his house, 15 Washington Terrace, Hoboken, of Judge Edmund Charles, of the Common Pleas, Hudson county. He was several times connected with journalism, having published the Jeffersonian and the New York Revue. His principal claim to the gratitude of the public rests on his exertions, in conjunction with the late Barnabas Bates, to improve our postal system. In this respect he deserves as much credit as Rowland Hill, of England. He was universally respected, and leaves a widow, a son and three daughters to lament his loss. He was emphatically a good and generous man.

THE founder of the Bond Street Homoeopathic Dispensary, Dr. Otto Fullgraff, has just issued the Fifth Annual Report of that charitable and excellent institution. Over two thousand poor patients have received gratuitous treatment. Many of the cases were of a very severe character, and the treatment has proved most successful. Dr. Otto Fullgraff deserves the thanks of the community for his unwearying exertions in this noble cause. He has struggled, to the great detriment of his large private practice, to found this Dispensary, and only by his unwearied perseverance and personal influence was his design accomplished. Dr. Fullgraff is now assisted in his labors by Drs. Bauer, C. W. Torrey, W. Walker Browne, C. Pfaff, H. H. Warner, A. Savary, J. R. Andrews and J. A. Carmichael, together with several consulting physicians. Our wealthy citizen could not bestow their charities on a more worthy institution.



## LITERATURE.

We have received from G. G. FRANK, 439 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, *Twenty Years Ago and Now*, a novel by T. S. Arthur. It is a charming and affecting story, bearing that deep human interest which comes home to every heart. It is written in Mr. Arthur's best style, and in that plain, earnest, practical manner which tells with the public. *Twenty Years Ago and Now* will be widely read, and will have its influence. The publisher has brought it out in good style, and of uniform size and binding with the other works of this well-known author.

We have received from Dr. BENNETT, a volume containing the testimony, &c., in the celebrated divorce case of Mary A. Bennett vs. George Bennett. The doctor states his case very strongly, and if all he states be true he is assuredly a badly used man, and is another living instance of the law's uncertainty and fallibility of human judgment.

From BAILEY & NOYES, of Portland, we have received *Hester, the Bride of the Islands*, a poem, by Sylvester B. Beckett. Utterly unheralded by pompous puff or bombastic advertisement this book came to us, and albeit it was a poem of over three hundred pages, we ventured to peruse the title first and then the preface. The first was brief and the second not too long, for its quiet unpretentious tone, its pleasant spirit and its simple and modest truthfulness interested us so much, that we decided upon skimming over a few pages of a poem which nobody knew by a poet unheard of fame. We were repaid for our unparalleled boldness and self-sacrifice, for the poem of Hester we found exceedingly beautiful and of an interest so absorbing that we were very much mortified at being compelled to lay it aside for personal next evening, waiting so greatly to complete it at once. We read it through with great care and much pleasure, returning again and again to many descriptive passages of rare and unaffected beauty.

The scene of the poem is laid in New Hampshire and the bays upon its coast; the time, shortly after the earliest settlement; the characters, an English nobleman and his daughter Hester, her lover, old Margery, the doughty Squire, Carl Hildebrand, and an Indian girl, with some other less prominent actors in the story.

The main plot of the story can be told in a few words. The nobleman, or rather Pa Ravenswood, called by the Indians "The Silent Tongue," had sought a residence on the island of Chebeague, in the Bay of Casco. Thither he had brought his fair daughter, Hester, his old serving man, Carl Hildebrand, and old Margery. There was a deep mystery about the Silent Tongue, and we gradually learn that he has brought his daughter from England and buried her on this lonely island to separate her forever from her betrothed lover, Hubert. In an interview with his daughter he tells her that she never can be the wife of Hubert. He leaves her upon a brief journey and Hubert arrives in search of her, finds her, and learning the opposition of her father, and feeling that he is free from all reproach or slur, with a lover's eloquence persuades her to wed him. They fly to Yarmouth Town and are married. Old Hildebrand chafes at their retreat and tells them of the fearful bar to their union, but after much tribulation the truth is brought to light, resulting in a happy reconciliation.

This is but a meagre outline of the main plot, but without the incidents, descriptions or details which give life and action to the poem. One of the chief features of the work is the lengthy and deeply interesting episode in which Carl Hildebrand relates the history of her father (under another name) to Hester, and darkly shadows forth the bar to her union with her lover. This is in truth a highly wrought romance, replete with passages of deep passion and scenes of oriental magnificence. The Indian girl, Otraska, is a character of exquisite beauty, and is drawn by a masterly hand.

The first characteristic which will strike the reader of the poem is the author's passionate love of and profound familiarity with Nature. He has studied her in every phase—in her great convulsions, in her placid moods, and in her coquettish variableness; in all seasons of the year, at morning, noon and night, on land and on sea. He writes of Nature with an enthusiasm which shows itself in beautiful imagery, and in language which rises into eloquence. Whether he speaks of the wild, poetic grandeur of his own America, or dwells upon the glories of the Eastern lands, he shows that rare familiarity with Nature, he evinces that loving detail of her lights and shadows, which could only emanate from one whose whole being was imbued with a passionate admiration of her beauty, grandeur and mystery. Many of his descriptive passages have hardly ever been surpassed in graphic force and gorgeous coloring.

His characters, too, are drawn with rare discrimination. The women are flesh and blood women, and not all heroine; but their shades of character and feeling are portrayed with a delicate pencil, and a refinement which is a mingling of poetry and truth, or truth from a loving point of view. The men are dashed in with a bolder touch, and their characteristics brought out in strong relief.

The verse is smooth, flowing and musical, rising at times to great power, more from the strength of the simple words chosen than their rhythmic arrangement. The ease and naturalness of the verse entices the reader on, and becomes a fascination impossible to resist. The only cause we have for doubting that *Hester* is a great poem is, that from the first line to the last it is perfectly intelligible—a fatal distinction at the present day, when the obscure is idolized and the unintelligible deified. There are some blemishes to the work which at some future time we may point out, although they are but specks in comparison with its many rare beauties; but our desire is to excite a curiosity among educated and intelligent Americans to read an American poem, written by one who, from the lack of puffing, evidently belongs to no clique, who has written and published simply because the promptings of his nature were too imperative to be resisted. We have not overrated Mr. Beckett's poem of *Hester*, and those who may be induced by our notice to read it will thank us, and join in the belief that the divine gift of poetry can be found outside of the New York cliques and Boston coteries.

## NEW MUSIC.

We have received from FRANK, Pond & Co., the following new publications. *Danse Rustique, a la Gigue, pour le Piano, par William Mason*. This is one of the most marked compositions that we have yet seen from the pen of William Mason; it has more decided character than any of his other popular pieces. "Silver Spring" is fanciful, graceful and poetical; and the "Lullaby" is a soothing, delicious *tema*, as simple in its melodious progression as a nursery lay; but this "*Danse Rustique*" is a humorous pastoral in which the quaint character is preserved, combining a fantastic grotesqueness with a simple, well defined and graceful melody. It shows the master-hand throughout, and is a creation of which Mr. William Mason may well be proud. Every published composition of his bears unmistakable evidence of the classic tone of his mind, but while his judgment is severe and his taste refined and pure, a vein of true melody preserves his perfect thought from scientific dryness. We most cordially commend both to amateurs and professors the "*Danse Rustique*," by William Mason.

*Souvenirs Styriens, Impromptu pour Piano, par J. Ascher*. A very charming Styrian, graceful, melodious and characteristic. It is brilliant, and can be rendered very effectively, while it is only of moderate difficulty. It will become a favorite in our salons.

*Welsh Air, with Brilliant Variations*; composed and dedicated to his friend, C. B. Seymour, Esq., by S. B. Mills. The composer of this piece is the well-known and justly celebrated English pianist, whose performances during the past few months have been attended with such brilliant success. The beautiful Welsh Melody, commonly known as "Poor Mary Ann," which he has chosen for his theme, is richly harmonized and gracefully varied, working up to its close with great brilliancy and effect. It is not, of course, a piece by which to test the creative or constructive musical faculty of Mr. Mills, but it is one of those pleasant compositions which amuse and gratify the amateur pianist.

*La Belle Floride, Polka Brillante, par Theodore Moelling*. Just what its title indicates, elegant, without any other mark for special observation.

*None Shall Weep a Tear for Me*. Written by R. H. Wilde, composed by Stephen C. Foster. The words are very achrymose and the melody is hardly as happy as the majority of Mr. Foster's creations. In trying to be classic, Mr. Foster misses that simplicity which has always been the peculiar charm of his songs—the charm to which they owe their extensive popularity.

*Elena Polka Redowa*, by F. B. Heilmüller. A spirited dancing Redowa, but very carelessly notated.

These pieces are brought out in the very best style, by Firth, Pond & Co.

## MUSIC.

**Italian Opera, Fourteenth Street.**—It is most gratifying to find that the pet of New York retains all her wonderful popularity. Familiarity does not seem to render her less attractive, for on each night that she appears the house is crowded with the beauty, fashion and intelligence of the city, and the enthusiasm is unbounded. Adelina Patti appears this week in a new rôle, that of Martha, in Flotow's charming opera of that name. It is a character perfectly adapted to her style, and one in which, we think, she will make a great success.

The company leave New York this week, en route for Baltimore, Washington, and South to New Orleans.

**English Concerts.**—The English Concerts at the French Theatre, opposite Niblo's, are very delightful affairs; and so far have proved very successful. The artists are Mrs. Mozart, Miss Hawley, Mr. Cooke and Mr. Draper, with chorus and orchestra, the whole under the direction of Mr. George W. Morgan, the well-known organist of Grace Church. The lovers of ballad and glee music should give their cordial patronage to this undertaking, for it eminently deserves success.

## DRAMA.

**Winter Garden.**—After taking captive the Bostonians, Mrs. John Wood has returned to the Winter Garden, and her coming is indeed a relief after the gloom that has so long prevailed there. Mrs. Wood was received on Monday,

by a house fairly filled, and played to the satisfaction of her audience "Jenny Lind," in the musical piece of that name, and Fanny Gribbles in the farce of "An Object of Interest," a part in which little Miss Clarke was so capital in the days of the old Olympic, as some of our readers will doubtless recollect.

In the first named character, Mrs. Wood was admirable, her imitations of the singers of Irving Place eliciting shouts of laughter; indeed, it is evidently in burlesque that her forte lies, and we think that she would better maintain a leading position by devoting herself exclusively to such rôles; her dashing manner, charming singing, and handsome face and figure, would always command success in either the heroes or heroines of burlesque, while she altogether lacks that power of portraying character that can alone render endurable the old-fashioned and worn-out farces of a day gone by. Mr. Jefferson has also returned from his provincial trip, and was heartily welcomed by his friends. Now that Mr. Burton has gone, this gentleman stands in the front rank of comedians. As it is always more pleasing to laugh than to weep, we presume that the change from tragedy to comedy at the Winter Garden will not prove disadvantageous to the management.

Laura Keene will probably run "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" during the entire Lenten season, in order to afford the fashionables (who previously have been engrossed with balls and parties) an opportunity of sympathizing with the sister heroines. We are told—of course it is merely scandal—that it is quite usual when the gay season is extinguished by Ash-Wednesday, for the individuals deprived thereby of their customary dissipation to turn their attention to the theatres, whither they go, night after night, in large parties, to wad up the evenings after the performances with an exquisite little supper at the house of each member in turn. When to this, to be sure, rather slow amusement, is added the excitement consequent upon the ordering and superintending of new bonnets for Easter Sunday, you will perceive that the female portion of the fashionable world have, at all events, enough to keep them from stagnating during the dull season. The dancing men it is probable keep themselves in practice at the various Assembly-rooms that are advertised in the daily and Sunday papers, and the old fogies, deprived of gratuitous suppers, run up longer bills at their clubs. So much for "sackcloth and ashes" above Fourteenth street.

Mr. Cooke has produced at Niblo's a gorgeous pageant called the "Field of the Cloth of Gold;" it is splendidly gotten up, and has attracted crowds. As next week is announced as the last of the Circus company in New York, we advise all those who intend to see them, "not to stand upon the order of their going, but go at once," and after getting there, if they can't get inside the vestibule, we know of no alternative but to look in at George Christy's, which is next door.

## THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE POLYTECHNIC CLUB, And Ward's Steam Ice Boat, Lady Franklin.

A SPECIAL COMMITTEE was appointed by the Club at a late meeting to visit this notable invention, now nearly completed, at the North Point Foundry, Jersey City. The following is a synopsis of their report, made at the last meeting of the Club.

Six members, viz., Messrs. Johnson, Seely, Cohen, Garvey, Fisher and Stuart, devoted the afternoon of the 14th instant to a very careful examination of the Lady Franklin. Other members of the committee, viz., Professor Hedrick and Major Serrell, have, also examined it more at their leisure, and all unhesitatingly report:

That the committee believe Mr. Ward's theory of locomotion over ice by means of carriages on runners, driven by steam, to be perfectly feasible, his devices masterly, and his knowledge and skill as an inventor adequate to meet all difficulties that may arise in the practical trial of his invention. The Lady Franklin is a perfect model of compactness, lightness and strength. The body of the boat is composed of sixteen inch iron, strengthened by two-inch angle irons, with extra framing in the rear to support the boilers, engine, driving wheel and fuel. The cabin, occupying the forward part of the carriage, is fifteen feet long, seven feet wide and eight feet high; it is warmed by the exhausted steam from the engine, which are of about sixteen horse power; has double glass windows, and will comfortably seat twenty passengers. Its interior is decorated in an elegant and tasteful manner, with a beautiful mirror, crimson velvet cushions, and in the panels over the windows a collection of six cent photographic portraits, among whom are the venerable Dr. Francis, Horace Greeley, Frank Leslie, N. P. Willis, S. B. Mills, Mrs. M. Stuart, Alfred C. Roe, and others. The exterior of the Lady Franklin is finished in panels, on which are painted appropriate and artistic designs from summer and Arctic scenes, the centre panels of the cabin proper being occupied by life-like portraits of Dr. Kane and Mr. Henry Grinnell. The entire length of the boat is twenty-eight feet. The whole is fitted up and finished in the most admirable and perfect manner. The roof, which is covered by fireproof mica cement roofing, is surmounted by a tasteful light, a fine-tuned bell and two steam whistles.

In conclusion, the Committee would state as a reason for so emphatically endorsing Mr. Ward's invention, that they have given it a very careful examination, and have presented all kinds of objections and difficulties to Mr. Ward, every one of which he had already anticipated, and had met more completely than the Committee had thought possible; and further, that they believe it to be the direct office of this Club to examine all such inventions, and to state beforehand, from the scientific principles and mechanical devices involved in them, whether they will or will not succeed. It would argue extreme want of confidence in our knowledge and scientific attainments, were we to hesitate to pronounce an opinion before the ice boat had been running for a year or two. Then any one could tell that it would succeed; now is the time for this Club to show its confidence in its ability to judge of the practicability of ice transit by carriages on runners propelled by steam.

Several members of the committee made oral statements in reply to questions, in which they set forth, in the strongest terms their confidence in the success of this important enterprise. Colonel Jourawsky, the agent of the Emperor of Russia, especially delegated to examine and report upon American Locomotive Machines, was present, he having visited the Lady Franklin during the day with Major Serrell, and joined his testimony to that of the committee. The Lady Franklin will leave for the Mississippi, via the New Jersey and Pennsylvania Central Railroads, during the present week, where a careful trial of capacity will be made, she having been delayed until then by the failure of the contractors to meet their engagements. The first patent, containing eight claims, specified as follows, has just been issued. There are two other patents pending under the charge of Mr. C. M. Keller, one of which contains eleven, and the other fifteen claims. Colonel Jourawsky has submitted a report on this invention to the Russian Minister at Washington, and steps are now being taken to secure its early introduction into the Russian Empire and other Northern nations of the Eastern Continent.

*Locomotive Vehicles for Running on Ice or in Water*—26,960.—Norman Ward, of Janesville, Wis., (assignor to J. Cleveland, of New York City, as his trustee).

I claim, first, the combination of the following elements, viz., a water-tight boat capable of floating on runners or skates, to run on ice and sustain the boat thereon, and so connected with the boat as to turn for steering, substantially as described, and a single traction or propelling wheel placed centrally between the runners or skates to act on the ice, for the purpose of propelling the boat when its runners or skates rest on the ice, substantially as described. I am aware that the traction wheels, fast on one and the same driving axle, have been combined with runners on a boat; but in such case the runners were not swivelled to the boat, to change the direction of the line of travel, and the two wheels being fast on the same axle, would resist any means employed for steering; and hence I do not wish to be understood as claiming, broadly, the combination of traction wheels with runners or skates and a boat, but to limit my claim to the combination above stated.

Second: I also claim combining the traction or propulsion wheel and the boat by interposed springs or equivalents thereof, that the wheel may be self-adjusting to any inequality of surface, while the runners rest on the surface of the ice as set forth.

Third: I also claim, in combination with the boat and runners or skates, the mechanism, substantially as described, for lifting the runners from the ice, by levers which sustain the weight, substantially as described, whereby the runners can be prevented from becoming fastened by frost to the surface of the ice, when at rest, as set forth.

Fourth: I also claim the stationary runners attached to the bottom of the boat, in combination with the movable runners or skates at the sides, substantially as and for the purpose set forth.

Fifth: I also claim constructing the traction wheel, substantially as described, that, with its periphery, a sharp cutting edge, to penetrate into the ice, to prevent the boat from moving sideways, and thereby admit of using runners smooth or rounded, when such periphery is combined with lateral projecting wings having cutting edges to penetrate into the ice and take hold therein from traction, substantially as described.

Sixth: So connecting each of the movable runners or skates with the boat, that each may turn in a horizontal plane on an axis, substantially as and for the purpose specified.

Seventh: I also claim combining with the turning runners or skates and with the steering chains, the tension or adjusting blocks, or equivalents, substantially as and for the purpose specified.

Eighth: And I also claim connecting the ice-penetrating brace by a hinge rod or arm to the boat, substantially as described, in combination with the connection of it by the toggle-joint lever, or the equivalent thereof, with a steam piston, substantially as and for the purpose specified.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

An **Outrageous** attempt to murder was made on the afternoon of the 17th ult. in the following daring manner. An elderly man, walking along the track of the Hudson River Railroad, was overtaken by a young man near Low Point, who commenced conversing, but suddenly stooping down picked up a heavy stone, with which he struck the other severely on the head, cutting him severely, and rendering him insensible. The desperate villain then robbed the prostrate man, and made off. When first found it was thought that the man was wounded to death, but though severely injured, he is now out of danger. Active search is being made after the robber and would-be murderer. At Covington, Ohio, on the 14th ult., a young man died in great agony from the effects of a cup of vitriol, which he swallowed, supposing it to be water. Wolves are growing bold. In Bradford, Pa., a wolf came within a few feet of the house of Mr. A. C. Morrison, and settled himself quietly to pick bones. Mr. M.'s little daughter passed close by the ravenous brute, but he took no notice of her. It was eventually driven off by Mrs. Morrison, who threw sticks at it. Unpleasant neighbors, we should think, especially where children are around. Who does not remember the fate of Little Red Ridinghood? Over 160,000 pounds of fish is transported over the Concord and Portsmouth Railroad weekly. A New coal bed has been discovered on Obed's River, Fentress county, Tenn. It consists of 1,000 acres of a solid coal bed, four feet thick, of the best quality of bituminous coal, containing a large quantity of gas and petroleum. Philadelphia has now twenty-one steam fire engines. The hand fire engine has become a superfluity. The captain of a schooner lying at Richmond, Va., saw smoke issuing from the mate's state-room, and on searching, discovered the mate's coat on fire. It had been ignited by the rays of the sun streaming through a bull's-eye or dead-light, which acted as a burning glass. This may possibly account for many fires in cotton ships, which have heretofore been attributed to spontaneous combustion. At Chicago, recently, a woman named Campbell, of a brutal temper, was sentenced to ninety days' imprisonment for so severely ill-treating her stepson as to render him almost an idiot. Her last attack upon him was with a flat-iron. A Bill has been introduced into the Senate of New Jersey providing for the framing of a new State Constitution, should the people favor such a measure. The question is to be decided at the next annual election. Mrs. John Wood, the popular actress, narrowly escaped being the victim of a railroad slaughter. She was a passenger in the mail train for New York, which left Boston on Sunday at six o'clock P. M. The train, consisting of locomotives "Yankee," "Neptune" and "Vesuvius," one heavy baggage and mail car, and one passenger car, in which were forty-seven passengers, with a snow plough in advance, was running at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour, and had proceeded to within a third of a mile of the Cordaville station, in Southboro', when suddenly the middle engine, the "Neptune," became disabled from the breaking of some portion of the machinery, and immediately broke down. The "Vesuvius" drove over the "Neptune," demolishing its own and the tenders of the two forward engines, and was itself so badly damaged as to be unserviceable. A Young lady, daughter of Herman Miller, track master of the Central Railroad, recently told her parents, soon after she arose, that she had dreamed last night that Mr. Keist, who attends the railroad bridge at Allen's Creek, was killed, and that Mrs. Keist came to the house to tell Mr. Miller. A short time after relating this dream, and while the family were at breakfast, Mrs. Keist came in to tell that her husband was killed by the cars the night previous at Brighton. The building so long known as Delmonico's Restaurant, in William street, was sold a few days ago, by order of the assignee of L. Delmonico, for \$25,000, and Delmonico's Lunch Room, Broadway, for \$100,000. About twenty thousand tons of ice are being jammed in Peru, Illinois, this season. Thirty-six hundred tons of it are loaded on barges for Baton Rouge and other places South. Chang and Eng, the Siamese Twins, are now residing in Surrey county, N. C. At a late "revival," Chang's wife was baptised, and the twins, anxious for the state of their souls, requested the prayers of the minister. The Inspector of Liquors for Wayne county, Mich., gives the following result of his researches: Out of three hundred and eighty cases of whiskey, inspected in and near Detroit, he only found two pure. He did not find a single drop of pure French brandy. Of one hundred and four samples of gin, he found but twenty-nine genuine. Out of thirty-two samples of Jamaica rum he found but nine genuine. The Irish and Scotch whiskeys were pure generally. Of port wine the genuine article is seldom sold. Ballast required for land vehicles sounds strangely, but fact is stranger than fiction. During the late gale, David Choate, Esq., of Essex, to prevent his carriage being blown over, had to place in it two rocks of 100 pounds each, and thus ballasted, drove safely home. Thomas Pickard, Esq., late member of the New Brunswick Parliament, was crushed to death on the 28th ult., in consequence of his clothes being caught by a revolving wheel of his mill, while he was engaged in oiling the machinery. The bill for the expulsion of free negroes from the State of Mississippi, which passed the Mississippi House of Representatives, was defeated in the Senate. The well-known John Wentworth is the Republican candidate for Mayor in Chicago. A Young man named Henry Downs, who was suspected of having killed a man named Joyce, a year ago, in a riot at Baltimore, has given himself up to the authorities. He has been hidden ever since at his mother's house, but he could not endure the confinement any longer, preferring to stand a trial, although declaring himself innocent of the charge. A Young woman who had been jilted threw vitriol into the face of the recreant lover. The poor young man has become totally blind. H. B. Kinney, sculptor, of Massachusetts, proposes to execute an equestrian statue of Lafayette, if an appropriation can be obtained from Congress. At Columbia, the students of the South Carolina College have adopted a suit of gray jerseys of Southern manufacture. They are evidently determined to know no North. The law seems very powerless in Tennessee. A mob attacked the jail at Waverly, Tenn., on the night of the 10th ult., took the jailer prisoner, and released six men confined there under various charges—murder, theft, counterfeiting, &c. They were five hours breaking open the doors, but no one offered to interfere. When they had got their friends out they started off, carried the jailer with them five miles, then set him free and crossed the river. After which it was reported that they had looted the mail bags and carried off the stagecoach. A pleasant country for peaceable people to live in. The Quincy, Illinois, Herald, states that fifty children in attendance at a school in Harding, on the Illinois river, went out on the ice to play; the ice gave way and only one was saved. Every house in the village is a scene of mourning. An Explosion took place at the Aladdin Oil Works in Armstrong county, on the 20th, owing to a watchman placing a lamp he had in his hand in the midst of the vapor arising from the oil in one of the tanks. He was killed on the spot. A Drunken Fellow in Jersey City went into his sister's box, turned her and her children out into the road, and then went to sleep in their bed. He was taken out by the police, and sent to jail for two days. At a Meeting of the Boss Bakers and Flour Merchants in New York City, held on the evening of the 24th, at 161 Hester street, it was resolved that they would withdraw their patronage from all flour merchants who would continue to purchase flour from Hecker & Co., in consequence of their gentlemen selling bread at a much lower rate. They have a very excellent plan in Aleppo, viz., of mailing every baker who sells home weight to the poor, by the car, to his own door. The men who proposed the above resolution should have their ears pierced. Five Hundred Men and two hundred teams are constantly employed on the Parliament bridges, Ottawa, Canada. A Bill providing for the removal of the remains of General Jackson and those of his wife to Nashville, Tenn., and their interment in Capitol Square, and for a suitable monument to the memory of the old hero, has passed the Senate of Tennessee, on its third reading, by a unanimous vote. A Young Woman named Mary Graham shot George Fitzhugh, the overseer of a plantation in Hinds County, Miss., on the 24th ult. Fitzhugh had seduced the girl, under promise of marriage, and when asked by his victim to redeem his promise, he scoffed at her petition, whereupon she drew a revolver and shot him three times. He is not expected to recover. Silver Lake, a pretty little sheet of water in the heart of the town of Albany, Ga., was commenced to disappear through one of those curious subterranean passages which seem to penetrate the earth in the low country, and connect with the streams leading to the Gulf. A Submarine telegraph cable will be shortly laid across Vinegar Sound, connecting Martha's Vineyard with the main land. The cable will weigh 82 tons, and the distance is four miles.

**WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP HUNGARIAN NEAR CAPE SABLE.**  
A VESSEL supposed to be the steamer Hungarian was wrecked on the rocks, on the west side of Cape Sable, in the gale on Tuesday evening, and all on board are supposed to have perished. The sea was raging so fearfully that no human assistance could be rendered. Owing to the storm having prostrated the telegraph wires no particulars had been received up to the time of our going to press. The crew of such a large vessel could be an unnumbered ten men, and we understand that she had thirty-five passengers, including four members of the Canadian Senate. Her wreck was visible at low water.



### SUMMARY LYNCHING AT CHAPPELL'S DEPOT, SOUTH CAROLINA.

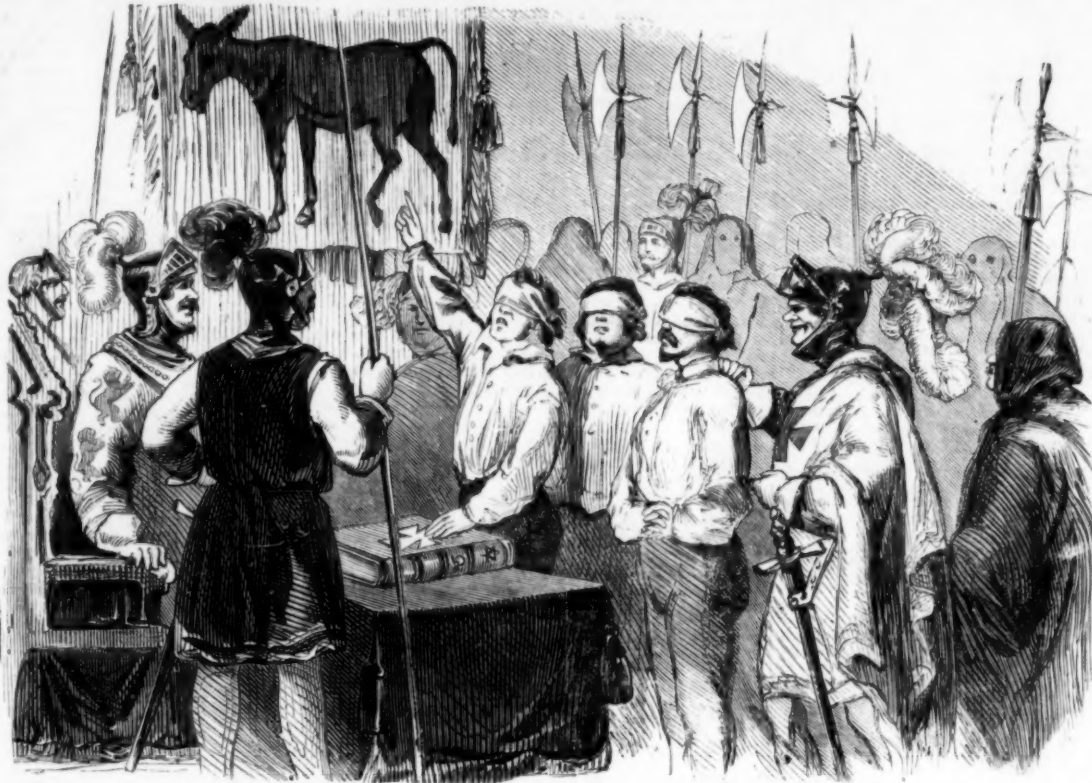
A FEARFUL tragedy was enacted at Chappell's Depot, South Carolina, on the morning of February 6th. It seems that a man calling himself James C. Bungings was observed prowling about the vicinity for several days, having apparently no recognized business to detain him in the place. The Vigilance Committee watched his movements closely.

He was finally tracked on Sunday night (the 5th), and the Committee, being satisfied of his evil intentions, arrested him, and upon examination found any quantity of papers, showing that he was one of Brown's associates, with a commission to go in to all the South, with a view of corrupting the minds of the negroes, to make as many converts as possible to the Abolition faith, and to induce as many negroes as possible to decamp for the North.

The evidence was deemed sufficient and he was taken into custody and detained for the night. In the morning he was led forth in front of Chappell's Railroad Depot, and told to prepare for immediate execution. There were about fifty persons present, but not one voice was raised to save him from his terrible doom.

After offering up a long prayer, the wretched man asked to see a clergyman, but there being none present, he called on God to forgive the Vigilance Committee, if they were in error; or if he was the one who erred, to have mercy on his soul.

He was then mounted on a ladder, a rope with a slip-knot put round his neck, the other end of which was drawn over the limb of a tree.

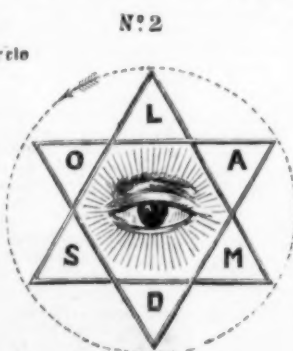


EXPOSURE OF THE SONS OF MALTA—THE CANDIDATE BEING SWORN—ONE HAND PLACED UPON THE BIBLE OF THE SONS OF MALTA (SEE CUT BELOW) THE OTHER POINTING UPWARDS TO—NOT TO HEAVEN BUT TO A JACKASS!!!—SEE PAGE 208.

At nine o'clock A.M. the ladder was knocked from under him, his neck was broken, and in a few minutes he was dead! The body was left hanging to the tree until twelve o'clock, the time at which the passenger train is due from Columbia. It was then cut down, and the mortal remains of James C. Bungings was given to the medical students for dissection.

### A WOMAN HUNTING A STAG.

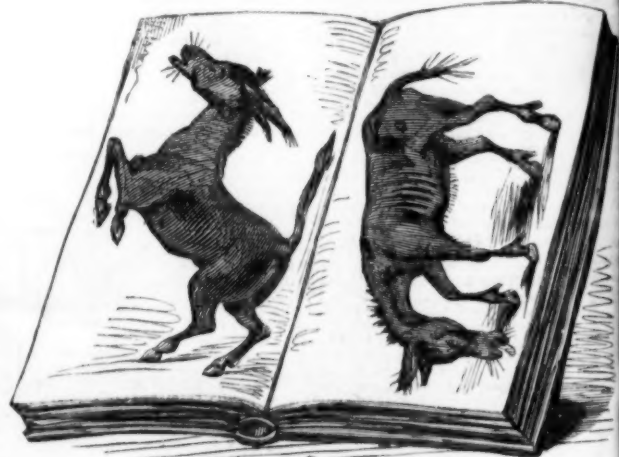
WOMEN are gradually usurping all the privileges of the male gender; they sport as doctors, lecturers, editors, and where their usurpation will end is a matter of wide conjecture. Our engraving illustrates a woman as a daring and intrepid hunter. Her style of sport was also as original as it was daring. The incident occurred in Iowa a week or two since. While the wife of a farmer was preparing her husband's midday meal, she saw a stag pass the cabin on its way to the frozen creek. She seized her husband's rifle and started in pursuit, but finding on examination that it was not loaded, she replaced it and snatched up a large butcher's knife. Finding itself pursued, the stag took to the ice, but unfortunately for its hide it made a mis-step and fell. In an instant our Diana was upon it, and succeeded in inflicting



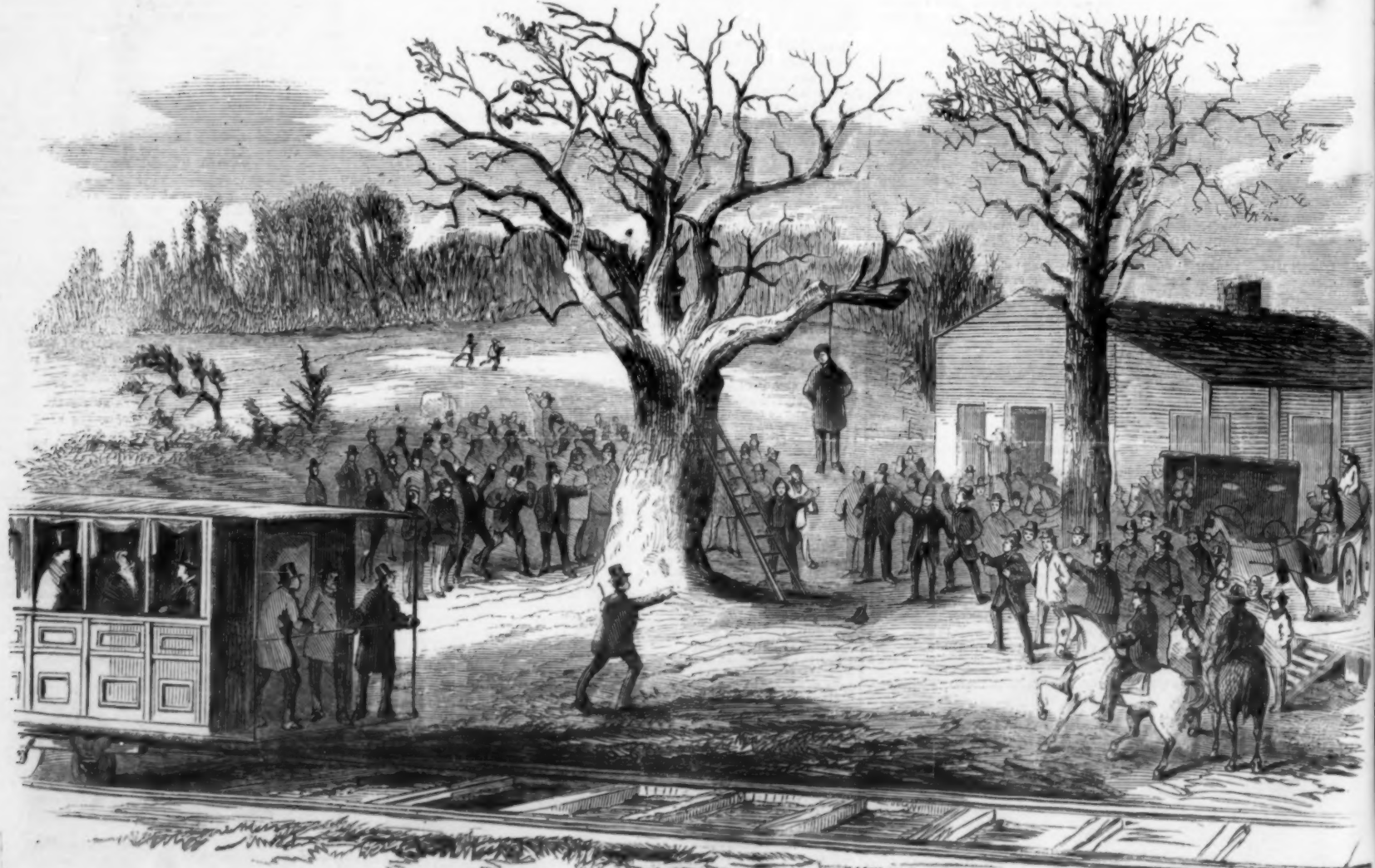
I (Eye) Dearly Love A  
Son Of Malta

I (Eye) AM SOLD

SEE PAGE 208.



HE BIBLE OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE SONS OF MALTA.



LYNCHING OF JAMES C. BUNGINGS, AT CHAPPELL'S DEPOT, GREENVILLE AND COLUMBIA RAILROAD, S. C., BY THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

a severe wound; but the rose up immediately and another struggle for life. However, sped on but a short distance, pursued by its determined foe, when it slipped and fell, and rose no more, the butcher's knife this time its work effectually, and the noble ranger of the forest stretched in death before the conqueror. There was less a smoking steak of freedom for the husband on his return home, and probably his wife was not a little proud of victory achieved in such a prompt manner.

### STEPHEN WHITNEY, THE MILLIONAIRE.

No man of sense ever valued riches—it is the thing as undervaluing power. The thinking are apt to consider riches as merely which they all, more or labor energetically to overlooking their true namely, the potentiality it offers upon their possession of benefiting our fellow-creatures. Although the legitimate end of wealth is social progress, it is doubt equally true that some misers have a special use, and their work in that great scheme—the world!

Stephen Whitney was born on the 14th of September, 1817, of very poor but honest parents. He was thus compelled at a very early age to labor for his own bread, and displayed then that passion for account-

which made millions of dollars. From being a proprietor of a small estate, he rapidly, with financial movement, was worth a large sum of money. He was the owner of a large sphere of influence. Mr. Whitney was the son of his country. When the war broke out in the South, he stopped at his cotton, which his usual





GREAT HUNTING FEAT IN IOWA—A WOMAN RUNS DOWN A STAG ON THE ICE AND KILLS IT.

which made him at his death the possessor of nearly fourteen millions of dollars. From being the errand boy, and then the clerk, he finally became the proprietor of a grocery store in New York, and made money rapidly. With that instinctive sagacity which characterized all his financial movements, he soon became impressed by the fact that real estate was the most profitable thing to invest his savings in. Property which fifty years ago he bought for a few hundred dollars now worth tens of thousands, and although we are convinced the time is fast approaching when a fall will take place in the price of land in New York City, its enormous increase of late years made Mr. Whitney one of the wealthiest of our citizens. From being the owner of a grocery store he entered into the more extended sphere of a ship chandler, and soon became widely engaged in shipping. Mr. Whitney was largely indebted to two national calamities for part of his enormous fortune, the war of 1812 and the panic of 1837. When the war broke out he had considerable debts due to him from the South. The merchants being unable to pay him, owing to stoppage of their commerce with England, offered in exchange for cotton, which, being much depreciated in price, he accepted. With his usual foresight he knew that the war would not last long.

He therefore stored it away, and awaited the return of peace. In two years the war ceased, and Whitney sold his cotton at an almost fabulous profit. The panic of 1837 was equally fortunate for him. Having a large amount of cash at command he employed it in buying real estate and discounting notes, which he did at panic prices. The return of confidence found that Mr. Whitney had nearly doubled his already overgrown wealth by that almost universal disaster. The life of a man who spends every day in the accumulation of wealth has no incidents to record, and we therefore conclude with the fact that he was the last of the wealthy New Yorkers who remained a down-town resident, dying at his mansion corner of State street and the Battery. He has left four children, who were, we are told, kept very poor during his life. His eldest son died some two years ago, owing to a throat disease, which led to the famous Probang controversy. In politics he was an Old Line Whig, and a strong supporter of Henry Clay, with whom he was on terms of considerable intimacy. An anecdote of Mr. Whitney is told which strikingly proves how much he prized his gold. At the late Mayoralty election he was waited upon by a deputation of Havemeyer's friends, to ask him to subscribe to the fund. The millionaire said: "Gentlemen, I am much interested in my old friend Havemeyer's success, but I cannot



THE LATE STEPHEN WHITNEY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEADY.



MEDAL PRESENTED TO LIEUT. JAMES HARVEY, BY THE FIRST COMPANY OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

afford to contribute money; but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll help you sold the tickets, and will cheerfully sit up all night in so good a cause!"

On the 16th of February Mr. Whitney was seized with a fit which soon terminated his existence. He was buried on the 20th at Trinity Church, Broadway, the following persons acting as pall bearers: Messrs. Thomas Saffern, John Austin Stephens, Joseph Kernochan, Benjamin S. Swan, James R. Murray, Dr. John D'Arcy, William B. Crosby and Joseph Beers. The coffin, which was of rosewood, with silver mountings, bore the following inscription: "Stephen Whitney, born 14th of September, 1776; died 16th of February, 1860, aged eighty-three years, five months and two days."

The portrait we give is an admirable likeness of one of the wealthiest of our merchant princes.



TOM, THE BLIND NEGRO BOY—THE MUSICAL PRODIGY.—PHOTOGRAPH BY OSBORN AND DUBEC, CHARLESTON, S. C.

#### TOM, THE BLIND NEGRO BOY PIANIST.

We present a sketch of the blind negro boy Tom, whose musical ability is at this moment attracting much attention down South. Tom was born near Columbus, Georgia, totally blind. His calamity and his amiable qualities rendered him the pet of the family of his master. He was allowed the full range of the house, and it was while loitering about the parlor that his rare musical ability was discovered. The ladies in an adjoining apartment heard the piano touched in a brilliant and masterly manner, and on entering the room, saw that it was the blind negro boy Tom. The discovery of course created much excitement, and every opportunity was afforded him to develop his remarkable faculties. Tom is now only ten years old, yet his musical accomplishments are said to be marvelous. When in repose his face is singularly blank and unintelligent, but when under the excitement of music, his looks are said to be as of one inspired. He has been giving concerts at Charleston, South Carolina, and the newspapers are enthusiastic about his remarkable accomplishment. One journal has the following upon the subject:

"His execution is wonderful; it requires no critic's eye to see that that is natural, or we ought rather to say, imitative, for having once heard a piece, the same style is reproduced under his touch with the same effects."

"Throughout the entire range of composition, however varied or difficult, he is as much at home as if longer years and more careful study had trained his hand and cultivated his taste, for he is forcible."



when required, mild and light in touch when the melody demands it. In a word human wisdom and worldly accomplishments stand abashed and rebuked before this simple, sightless boy, whom God has endowed with such superlative powers."

## THE MYSTERY; OR, THE GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

A ROMANCE BY J. F. SMITH.

Author of "Substance and Shadow," "Smiles and Tears," "Dick Tarleton," "Phases of Life," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

THE following morning Sir Aubrey took his departure for London, determined to show a bold front to those whom he was pleased to designate as his enemies, and watch the current of events.

John Compton, as our readers may suppose, felt terribly alarmed at the mysterious disappearance of his ward. His suspicions pointed at once to the perpetrator of the outrage, and he commenced active proceedings in order to discover the agents he had employed. Long before daybreak bills were placarded over the metropolis offering a large reward, and the police actively employed.

Oliver Brandreth, who had passed the night in fruitless search, returned to the residence of the wealthy broker tired and dispirited. "That Phil should have been such a fool as to fall into a snare after all the warnings he has received," exclaimed his guardian.

"His mother's name has been used as an inducement," said our hero.

"She is not worthy of his love," muttered the gentleman, "and he ought to have known so by this time."

"Still she is his mother," observed Oliver, with a sigh, who felt how powerless his own heart would have been to resist such an inducement.

Acting on this suggestion, John Compton started at once for the residence of Sir Aubrey, and, although the hour was early when he arrived, insisted on an instant interview either with the baronet or his lady.

"Massa not home," said Samba, who, on hearing his voice, made her appearance; "he in country three days; and Lady Missie sleep—"

"I must see her," replied the visitor; "the life of her son—"

The negress interrupted him by a cry so piercing that it startled the sleepy porter, who had been sitting up all night in his great chair waiting the baronet's return, and brought several of the servants into the hall.

"Massa Phil ill, and you not come to tell me sooner. Where him school? Old Samba go nurse him."

"He has quitted school," observed the gentleman. "His enemies discovered where I had placed him. They have traced him to London, and last night he was decoyed from my protection."

The eyes of the negress sparkled fearfully.

"Why me not kill him?" she exclaimed. "Why me not kill him?"

Lady Missie see you; come with Samba."

John Compton followed the negress to the boudoir of her mistress, where she bade him wait while she aroused her mistress, who, wrapped in a loose dressing-gown, shortly afterwards joined him.

Lady Fairclough appeared greatly changed since her relative had last seen her. Her features looked worn and haggard, her eyes tired with watching.

"Have you brought me news of my husband?" she demanded, eagerly.

"It is very little I trouble myself about Sir Aubrey," replied her visitor, coldly, for he felt disgusted at her heartlessness in not having once visited his ward. "Have you forgotten, madame," he added, "that you are a mother as well as a wife?"

At this allusion to her son her ladyship turned pale.

"Massa Phil," sobbed Samba, "poor Massa Phil!"

"What of my boy?" exclaimed Lady Fairclough. "Although you have succeeded in poisoning his mind against me, and prevented his writing to me, I have a mother's heart, sir, and love him still."

"Prevented his writing?" repeated John Compton, indignantly; "why, I have forwarded at least a dozen letters to you!"

"Massa bad man," said the negress—"bad man!"

"Silence!" cried her mistress, impatiently; "I will not listen to you."

"I wrote myself to inform you of his being in London," added the broker; "of his impatience to see you."

"No such letters ever reached me."

"Perhaps they found their way to Woodbine Cottage," observed the gentleman, sarcastically; "where a few days since I left your husband with his mistress."

"Returned to him!" shrieked the unhappy woman; "Milly returned to him?"

"With her child," added her relative, not sorry to prove how worthless a being she had sacrificed herself to.

Her greatest enemy, had she possessed one, might have pitied Lady Fairclough at the effect these words produced. For several instants she stood with her hand pressed convulsively against her heart, as if to restrain its agony. Yielding at last to the violence of her feelings, she sank upon the ground, weeping bitterly. But tears could not assuage the pangs of jealousy. Like oil on fire, they added rather fuel to the flames that inwardly consumed her.

John Compton felt alarmed, and would have given much to have recalled his hasty speech; but that was impossible. As for the faithful negress, she repeated, whilst assisting her mistress, the old refrain—

"Massa bad man. Lady Missie love him too much, and dat not wise."

"Love!" repeated the author of the mischief; "it is madness—folly! As well love a serpent that has stung her."

At this instant Sir Aubrey made his appearance; he had just arrived from Richmond. At a glance he comprehended all that had taken place—the exposure, and the accusation.

Samba scowled bitterly upon him.

"Quit my house, sir," he exclaimed.

"Where is my ward?" demanded the guardian of Phil.

"You had better ask that question," replied the baronet, "of those to whom you intrusted him."

"The law will ask it," retorted the broker, warmly. "I have already offered a large reward for his discovery, and set the police upon your track. In a few hours application will be made to the Chancellor. If it costs me half my fortune," he added, "I will either save or avenge him."

The schemer smiled disdainfully; if baffled in his design, he felt at least that he was secure from the consequences; added to which he had already formed his plans for the future.

"Clara," said her husband, as soon as John Compton and the negress had withdrawn, "it is useless to dissemble, that meddling has told you all."

"It needed not his assertions to prove that you were false to me," replied her ladyship, passionately. "I have long since discovered the fatal truth that I was married only for my wealth. Aubrey, is this the return for a love like mine? You have hitherto seen only the weakness of my character; it is now time that I convinced you of its strength. I cannot, will not endure this misery, this gnawing of my heart. The choice is in your own hands—renounce your minion or your wife. Consent to quit England with me and I forgive the past; refuse—and—"

"And what?" demanded the baronet, seeing that she hesitated.

"And we part," added Lady Fairclough. "You smile—you deem my words the effect of sudden passion; that like a weak, fond woman, I shall recall them. Do not deceive yourself. For weeks past I have been acquainted with your falsehood, but concealed the burning secret in my tortured breast—smiled at your protestations—listened to the excuses for your absence, which were false as the love you once professed for me. You can no longer deceive me," she continued. "Your mistress has returned to you. I thought I had separated you for ever, but find that I have failed."

"It was you, then, who betrayed her into the hands of her bitterest enemies?" observed her husband.

"It was I!" said the injured wife. "My legal advisers have obtained sufficient evidence for a divorce."

Sir Aubrey slowly repeated the word.

"It will at least relieve me from the reproaches of a jealous woman," he observed, with an insulting smile.

"And her fortune at the same time," retorted Lady Fairclough,

with a firmness that startled him. "Be it so. I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that my rival is not supported by my wealth."

"Clara," exclaimed the hypocrite, "this is folly—madness! I care not for the girl. It was one of those caprices in which the heart has little share; you, and you only, possess my affection. You smile incredulously. Think not that I am about to act the repentant husband—to whine and implore for pardon. Had my error been ten times greater, such baseness is not in my nature—I have too much pride for that; were I rich, possibly I might descend to such humiliation. As for Milly, I care not if I never see her more; but I will not abandon her child—would I could say our child, Clara! You cannot comprehend the feeling," he added, sarcastically, "but it is no less a reality."

These last words fell like a reproach on the ear of the weak and passionate woman who had permitted her love for him to absorb all affection, almost recollection of her son; and she felt them keenly.

"My boy should have uttered those words," she replied; "thank Heaven it is not too late to atone my injustice to him, should he be restored to me."

"Proceed," said the baronet; "continue to heap insult upon insult, affect to believe me capable of an act degrading to humanity, infamous and cruel—join in the slander on your husband. It is the way to win his love."

"No, Aubrey, from my soul I acquit you of any intention of plotting against his life; but this mysterious disappearance?"

"Pshaw, he will be found!" interrupted the dissembler.

As if to confirm his prediction, the negress entered the boudoir, just as the words escaped him, and presented her mistress with a note from Mr. Compton, which the lady hastily read.

"He has returned," she exclaimed—"is safe at the house of his guardian. It has removed a weight from my heart."

She might have added a "reproach."

The gentleman saw his advantage and knew how to pursue it.

"Clara," he said, as soon as Samba had withdrawn, "I will deal frankly with you. Mere beauty may win the lover, but will rarely retain the husband. Had I found in you a heart large, generous and capable of self-sacrifice, my feelings towards you would not have been love only, but idolatry—I should have worshipped you with the soul's worship; gratitude, admiration, esteem, would have riveted the chain your charms first wove."

Lady Fairclough regarded him doubtfully.

"To such a woman devotion would have known no limit; my life would have been one unceasing care for her happiness," he continued. "Even now, it is not too late to make me all that a wife can wish, were you but capable of the sacrifice."

"Name the sacrifice, Aubrey!" exclaimed her ladyship, greatly excited. "Is it money?"

"Think not so meanly of me," replied the baronet; "the golden link has already failed to hold me."

"Name it," repeated the infatuated woman.

Sir Aubrey took her hand in his, drew her towards him, and whispered a few words in her ear. She started—turned pale; then her cheeks flushed suddenly, and her whole frame writhed like one in agony.

"I see," he added, speaking aloud, "you have not the heart to make the sacrifice. You are right as you said just now, the evidence of my infidelity is complete. It will be better for both of us that our ill-assorted marriage should be dissolved."

"Can nothing less content you?" faltered the subdued and broken-hearted wife.

"Nothing."

"What if I consent?"

We will quit England; place the sea between you and the cause of your unhappiness!" exclaimed the dissembler, with well-acted tenderness. "And a happy future shall atone my past neglect; I will no longer be the cold, capricious husband, Clara," he continued, "but the ardent and devoted lover, whom by your generous conduct you have won back to your fond arms."

"And you promise never to see my hated rival again?"

"I swear it."

"Not even for a word—a parting word?"

"I will not even think of her," replied the baronet; "for memory then will hold no other image but that of the noble—"

"Do not praise me," interrupted Lady Fairclough; "do not praise me," sinking into his arms. "Let the greatness of the sacrifice witness the strength of my passion; but I warn you, Aubrey, should you again deceive me, you will change me to a fiend."

"Impossible!" said her husband, kissing her pale brow.

"And when shall we depart?"

"In five days."

"In five days," repeated the victim of her own weakness. "I will be ready, but the—"

"Leave that to me," whispered the baronet; "you must not tamper in it."

### CHAPTER XXIV.

JOHN COMPTON felt somewhat puzzled and not altogether satisfied with the account given by his ward of his adventures. That he had been deluded from his protection under pretence of an interview with his nurse, and carried somewhere into the country by his captors, he perfectly understood—that was clear enough. But not so the means of his escape; for, faithful to the promise he had given to Milly, Phil not only avoided naming her, but refused to give his guardian the slightest clue by which the place of his confinement, and those who had a hand in it, could be traced.

His silence might not be prudent, but it had the greater merit of being generous; and Oliver Brandreth, to whom he put it in strict confidence as a case of conscience, approved of his decision.

"Your promise implied more than merely concealing her name," observed our hero, "and it would never do to repay an act of womanly gratitude by sneaking out of it. I have no doubt but your precious stepfather was at the bottom of the affair, and rejoice at your escape from his hands. Let it be a warning for the future. Though how she came to be upon the spot, and at night, too, is more than I can account for. Did she offer no explanation?"

"None."

Neither of the speakers, happily for themselves, were sufficiently acquainted with the wiles of the world to suspect for an instant that Sir Aubrey Fairclough and Mr. Harley, the husband of Milly, were the same person.

Phil found his friend an excellent ally; for when he found Mr. Compton pressed him again upon the subject, he replied for him.

"He can't tell you, sir," he exclaimed, "without breaking his word; and that would be mean and contemptible—a thing you would despise him for."

"But he has told you."

"A very different thing," replied our hero. "Phil has no secrets from me."

"But one question—only one," urged the broker.

Neither of the youths made him any answer; they waited to hear it.

"Was it under a threat that the promise was given?"

"No."

"Made to man or woman?"

"There are two questions," exclaimed Oliver, laughingly; "but I think, Phil, you may answer it."

"To a woman, sir," said his ward.

"To his mother?" mentally ejaculated John Compton.

"Not to Lady Fairclough," added the youth, hastily, anxious that his guardian should not wrong his parent, even by a thought.

"I have done guessing, and will press you no further on the point," observed his guardian, satisfied in his own mind, that if not to his mother, it must have been to his nurse. "Act prudently. You have no common enemy to contend against. Sir Aubrey has not only the cunning of the serpent, but the remorselessness of the tiger. I should like to have fixed this last outrage upon him," he added; "it would have armed me for the future with a terrible weapon against him."

That same evening the speaker held a long and private consultation with Colonel Grey, as to the best means of providing for the safety of his ward. The responsibility—indeed of the warm interest he felt for the lad on his own account—began to press upon him.

"The manœuvring scoundrel has his agents everywhere," he observed; "they traced the poor boy even to Kotswood. No place in England is secure from him."

"Why not send him abroad?" said his friend.

"Too young," muttered John Compton—"too young to be trusted alone; and where should I find a friend to whose charge I could confide him? Besides, it would only denationalise him, and I am not one of those who think the absence of true English character can be compensated for by perfection of foreign accent. I'd rather he

spoke French like a Gascon, or Italian like a German, than lose one true, honest feeling."

"To sea, then," added the colonel. "There's your friend, Captain Brandreth."

"The very thing!" exclaimed the broker, delighted with the suggestion. "Better the perils of the deep, than his mother's weakness or his stepfather's machinations. Besides, Oliver Brandreth would be with him, and, somehow, I have more confidence in the judgment and courage of that boy than in the prudence of many a gray-haired man."

At the time the speaker uttered this eulogium on our hero, he was not aware of his refusal to proceed to Malta, to join his father in the Agamemnon.

By that night's post the worthy broker wrote a letter explaining his wishes and views to Captain Brandreth.

Oliver had promised to accompany Colonel Grey and his niece, the Dowager Lady Fairclough, to Rockingham Hall to ascertain whether any clue had been discovered to her lost child. The hope that such might be the case was a very faint one, for her suspicions pointed only to the agents of Sir Aubrey, the keepers of the madhouse, who had tracked her in her flight. The unhappy mother had not the slightest idea of her persecutor's connection with the gipsies.

Poor Phil felt terribly disappointed at not being permitted to make one of the party; he would so liked to have revisited the ruined barn, the old mansion and the lonely road, along which he and Oliver had trudged together, but his guardian proved inflexible upon the point.

John Compton had been so thoroughly alarmed by the last adventure of his ward, that he would not trust him from his sight.

Great changes had taken place at Rockingham Hall since the two runaways had passed the night there; the lawn in front appeared completely overgrown with weeds, the hedges which separated it from the road were broken, and the windows of the upper storeys, as well as those of the ground floor, closely boarded over.

The picture of desolation was complete.

"The place appears uninhabited," observed Colonel Grey, who, for the last half hour, had been ringing at the principal entrance. "Are you certain this is the house?"

His niece, who was seated in the travelling carriage in front of the mansion, regarded him reproachfully. Was it possible a mother's heart could be mistaken?

"Well, well," said her uncle, who perfectly comprehended her mute reply, "perhaps I am a little impatient. Oliver may have been more successful."

Our hero, who had been trying to obtain admission at the back of the house, now made his appearance, followed by a respectable-looking peasant, who rented a cottage and a field or two, which had formerly been part of the park.

"Have you succeeded? have you obtained any intelligence?" eagerly demanded the lady.

Dr. Lacy, the gentleman to whom we were both so greatly indebted, has gone abroad," replied Oliver sadly, for his naturally kind heart felt for her disappointment.

"Gone!" sobbed her ladyship; "my last hope vanished."

"Gone!" repeated the colonel, impatiently; "where to?"

"Furrin parts, sir," answered the old man who had accompanied our hero.

"But where? where?"

"Missus Daws can tell 'ee, sir."

"And who is Missus Daws?"

"Tould housekeeper," answered the rustic; "she do know more 'bout Dr. Lacy, the old place—and the White Lady," he added, lowering his voice to a whisper, "than any other body in these parts. No wonder, for she lived nearly all her life at the hall, and must have seen a mort o' strange sights. The Lord be merciful to us!"

"And where is the person you speak of?" inquired Colonel Grey.

"At her cottage down lane; she lives there rent free. It won't given her for nothink. And I pay her the rent for my field—and that won't for nothink, neither."

It was evidently a sore point with the speaker that he should have to pay the rent of his little farm to Mrs. Daws, who, since the departure of the doctor, had given herself great airs in the village. Every evening her house was the rendezvous of the farmers' wives and daughters, all anxious to listen to her terrible stories respecting the Vavasours and the old hall.

Of its last occupant she rarely or never spoke. On taking his departure Dr. Lacy had informed her that the continuance of her pension depended on her silence respecting all she had either seen or heard during her residence with him. There were times when the garrulous old woman felt sorely tempted, but prudence prevailed, and hitherto she had done nothing to forfeit it.

At the request of the colonel, Mrs. Daws was sent for, and speedily made her appearance with the keys of the deserted mansion. She recognized the Dowager Lady Fairclough as the wanderer to whom her master had given shelter in an instant, and her wrinkled brows became somewhat less puckered by surprise; but it was surprise unmingled with pleasure, she had been bitterly reproved, and nearly lost her situation on her account, and hated her.

"That creature in a carriage!" she muttered to herself.

To all entreaties and offers of reward made by the distressed mother, Mrs. Daws remained obstinately silent; a word would have relieved an aching heart, and yet she would not speak it.

"She knew nothing about the child—had other things to think of! Had no objection to show them the Hall, if they wished to see it."

Not another word could be drawn from her.

There is something inexpressibly melancholy in wandering through the deserted chambers of some old family mansion, and the feeling grows all the stronger if a few faded memorials of its former occupants remain. One almost expects to hear their voices in the distant echoes, or see their shadows glide along the dimly-lighted passages.

Oliver felt most impatient to visit the apartment where he and his companion had passed the night, to convince himself by actual inspection of the resemblance between the portrait and her ladyship.

His wish was soon gratified, and his heart beat with a feeling akin to awe when he found himself in the well-known room. Not a thing had been changed: the stately bed still stood in its recess, the pictures on the walls, even to the burnt-out ashes on the grate, appeared the same as when he quitted it.

"A most uncomfortable-looking place," observed Colonel Grey; "enough to give one a fit of the gout to pass the night in."

His young companion pointed to the portrait.

"Eh! what?" said the speaker, regarding it attentively, and reading the date upon the frame. "As I live, Annie, it is the likeness of your unfortunate grandmother, Lady Caroline Vavasour, who was burnt to death two years after her marriage!"

On hearing this exclamation, Mrs. Daws, who was standing near the hearth-like bed, waiting impatiently till the visitors had examined the room sufficiently, appeared suddenly interested.

"That will explain the likeness," observed Oliver.

"Well, now you mention it, there is a likeness," said the colonel. "It is singular how frequently a certain type of beauty will disappear, and, after a long interval, appear again in families. You are like her, Annie," added the speaker. "May you be more fortunate!"

"It was indeed a terrible death for one so young," replied his niece, with a sigh.

"Perhaps she merited it," observed the old housekeeper, significantly.

Her hearers started, as if a raven had suddenly croaked its foreboding note in their ear.

"Merited it!" repeated Oliver Brandreth. "How could any human being possibly merit so dreadful a fate?"

"By crime."

The visitors regarded her inquiringly, as if they felt anxious to hear more.

"You have said either too much or too little," observed our hero. "I am not going to gratify the curiosity of a stranger," replied the old woman, tartly, "or to speak ill of the dead, who never offended me, whatever she might have done to others."

"But I have a right to be satisfied."

"A right?"

"Yes."

"And what right, young sir?" demanded the housekeeper, in a mocking tone.

"My mother was a Vavasour," replied Oliver—"Adelaide Vavasour."

Mrs. Daws broke into an insulting laugh which brought the rich blood to the cheeks of the sensitive youth.

"You need not boast of your descent," she muttered; "she was



the ruin of her family. Had she married her cousin, as my lady wished, the old place might have been kept up instead of going to ruin; but she chose to throw herself away upon the son of the rector, and evil came of it."

"Evil?"

Mrs. Daws regarded the Dowager Lady Fairclough and Oliver Brandreth for several minutes in silence. There was something malignant in the expression of her sharp gray eyes as they rested upon them.

"And so you are both descended from the Vavasours, and think you have a right to be satisfied? Well, you shall. The grandmother, whom you so much resemble, proved faithless to her husband, and died how you have heard. Your mother," she added, turning to the youth, "became a thief!"

"Liar! infamous, unblushing liar!" exclaimed Oliver, greatly excited.

"She fled from her accuser," muttered the old woman, spitefully.

"To her husband," replied our hero, "who should have protected her, but whose mind had been poisoned by her enemies. Ah! you know so much of my wronged mother's history," he added, grasping her withered arm, "perhaps you are acquainted also with the means—the agents by which the foul conspiracy was brought to bear. You spoke of your lady—the mistress whom you once served—and her son, the disappointed lover, who calculated upon redeeming his estates by a marriage with his cousin—had they any hand in it?"

Mrs. Daws trembled violently.

"Did you ever hear the name of Marelli?" he continued, with increased vehemence; "was she, too, in the conspiracy?"

On hearing the name of the French governess, the housekeeper uttered a loud shriek, and sank senseless at the foot of the bed.

## CHAPTER XXV.

It was some time before the aged housekeeper awoke to a state of consciousness. An recollection slowly returned she muttered strange words, and looked around her with a wild and terrified expression, as if dreading the presence of some accusing spirit.

Oliver Brandreth listened eagerly, but unfortunately nothing connected fell from her shrivelled lips—not a syllable which would have justified him in accusing her of having tampered in the foul conspiracy against the honor and happiness of his mother.

Still the impression, we might almost add the conviction, that such was the case, was made, and the assertion that her feelings, on referring to so many painful circumstances relating to the family she had lived with, had been the sole cause of her emotion, failed to shake it.

The colonel and his niece appeared equally incredulous; but it was in vain that they questioned her. To their demands she offered either a dogged silence or sullen negations.

Evidently she felt anxious to get rid of her visitors.

Before leaving, our hero inquired if any portrait of Sir Cuthbert Vavasour existed in the mansion.

The woman hesitated.

"Come," he added, with a faint smile, "there can be no danger in permitting me to see it. The senseless canvas cannot bear witness against the original."

"Nor any one living or dead," answered the housekeeper, firmly.

"My young master was as incapable of crime as—"

"Yourself," said Oliver, sarcastically.

"Yes."

"Or his lady mother?"

A second yes, fainter than the first, escaped from the lips of Mrs. Daws, who, to avoid further questioning, drew a bundle of keys from her capacious pocket, and declared herself ready to gratify his wish.

Leading the way along the north corridor, she stopped at a door which connected one of the wings with the principal building of the mansion.

It was evident the apartment had not been opened for years, its appearance being even more desolate than the chamber they had quitted, the faded curtains admitting only a partial light.

"There," said their conductor, pointing to a portrait which hung directly opposite the centre window, "there is the object of your curiosity. It was painted as a present to my lady when Sir Cuthbert came of age."

Oliver attempted to draw one of the curtains in order to examine the picture better. It rent like a sheet of tinder in his hand.

"Open the rash," exclaimed the colonel.

With some difficulty they succeeded in propping up the ponderous frame, for the ropes which held the weights had long since rotted away.

"Now, then, we can see it better," observed the gentleman.

Mrs. Daws walked to the open casement and looked out upon the lawn. Evidently she had no desire to contemplate the picture, and yet the baronet had been her nurse-child, and possibly she had loved him in her way.

The portrait was a three-quarter, by Lawrence, and represented Sir Cuthbert in the first pride of manhood. There was nothing harsh or designing in the features; on the contrary, the lofty, though somewhat heavy brow indicated intellect, the mouth was well formed, but slightly compressed.

The only peculiar expression was in the eyes, which were large, black and piercing, with the same peculiar wildness of expression remarkable in the portrait of Caesar Borgia, painted for his father, Pope Alexander VI., preserved in the private apartments of the Vatican, and but rarely shown to visitors.

The one in the Doria palace, about which romantic young ladies, artists and guide books rave, is only a copy, although an admirable one.

"I cannot imagine any evil in such a face," observed our hero, greatly struck by the likeness.

The housekeeper uttered a short "Umph!" as if surprised at the generosity and frankness of his opinion.

Colonel Grey and his niece stood examining it for some time in silence. On the lady it produced an equally favorable impression; but not so on her uncle. The old soldier prided himself on being a disciple of Lavater, and drew very opposite inferences. Neither beauty nor intellect, according to his experience, were incompatible with crime.

"I cannot coincide in the opinion," he observed; "perhaps my judgment is at fault—possibly, my charity. Have you ever examined a medal or coin of Nero? He must have been equally handsome. I don't like the mouth—should like to have seen it off guard."

"Was Sir Cuthbert ever mad?" he demanded, turning suddenly round, and addressing Mrs. Daws.

The woman repeated the word with astonishment; and assured him that the reason of her former master was as unquestionable as his own.

"It may have been in the blood, then," drily observed the gentleman.

And with this remark the subject dropped.

Oliver Brandreth retained a vivid impression of the portrait; he felt assured that he should recognize the original under any circumstances, or in whatever country he might meet him.

Before quitting the apartment, one other picture attracted the attention of the visitors; it was the likeness of a lady attired in her wedding dress. But not even the powder which only partially concealed the color of her raven hair, the orange wreath and flowing veil of the richest point lace, could soften the glance of pride and determination in the eyes and finely arched brow of the portrait. There was something Grecian, we might almost add statuesque, in the figure; Medea might have posed for it.

There was no occasion for the name of the original. The likeness to Sir Cuthbert sufficiently indicated it.

It was his mother.

"A strong minded woman," said the colonel, after contemplating it for several minutes, "not much given to human weakness I should say, or human love."

"Perhaps she loved her son," observed his niece.

"She idolized him!" exclaimed the housekeeper, without moving from the window, for, strange to say, she never once looked on the portraits, but rather avoided them. "If my lady was cold and stern to others, she was tender and indulgent to him—perhaps too much so."

"Not unlikely," replied the old soldier, drily. "And, pray, where is your master now?"

"No one knows."

"Not the gentleman who lately resided here?" demanded Oliver.

"I believe not," replied Mrs. Daws.

"After your mother's unfortunate marriage, Sir Cuthbert became wild and reckless, would listen to no advice, went plunging headlong on, heaping mortgage upon mortgage, till ruin stared him in

the face. My lady pinched and spared to supply his extravagance, but her savings were like a drop of water cast into a well. At last she died—died of a broken heart!"

"And now," said the speaker, "that you have gratified your curiosity, allow me to lock up the apartment. It is years since I set foot in it before; and recollections and feelings you would only laugh at were I to dwell upon them crowd painfully upon me; for I loved my mistress—she was kind to me—and I love my poor unhappy master for her sake; perhaps, too, for his own," she added; "I nursed him."

"I should never mock at feelings which do honor to the heart," observed our hero, kindly, "even if I failed to understand them."

He offered her money, which, to his surprise, the woman resolutely refused.

"No, no," she exclaimed, "I have not shown the portraits, and babbled like an old fool respecting bygone days, which sometimes appear like a dream to me, for gain, although I love money. You are a Vavasour—at least by your mother's side—and had a right to see them."

"And yet you spoke of my dear parent but now," observed the youth, "with insult and bitterness."

"She caused the ruin of those I loved," muttered the housekeeper.

"By not bestowing her hand where she could not give her heart," said Oliver Brandreth.

"Ay, but she did love her cousin once," retorted Mrs. Daws, with bitterness, "and would have married him but for the wily tongue of the man who, in the hour of her trouble, abandoned her without one effort to clear her fame. How her soul and it was a proud one, must have been wrong, when the husband of her choice drove her from his presence, separated her from her child! Perhaps she thought of him, who, under such circumstances, would have been her protector; if so, the recollection was her punishment."

To these observations our hero made no reply. He could not understand the conduct of his father, and did not dare to judge it.

As it was quite evident that no information could be obtained from Mrs. Daws, either respecting the present abode of Doctor Leech, the child of the Dowager Lady Fairclough, or the incidents which had separated Captain and Mrs. Brandreth, the visitors, sad and disappointed, took their leave, but not without again offering recompense for the trouble they had occasioned.

It was refused as before.

On reaching the lawn they found the peasant waiting for them. The old man could not comprehend the curiosity which had induced them to visit the haunted abode of the White Lady and her Shadow. He would not have ventured within the walls to have been forgiven a year's rent.

"Has 'ee seen anything, young gentleman?" he whispered, whilst the housekeeper was locking the great door.

"All that we expected to see," replied our hero, "a number of rooms fast falling into ruin, and one or two portraits."

"Be that all?"

"Why, what more do you imagine we should have seen?" demanded Colonel Grey, who overheard the question and reply.

"The White Lady and—"

"Pooh! stuff! superstitious nonsense!" exclaimed the old soldier, "you ought to be above giving credit to such worn-out tales!"

"But I have seen 'em," exclaimed the rustic, doggedly; "and seen 'em believe! all the world over!"

"N't always," observed the gentleman with a smile.

"Why, what be it, then?"

"A trick of the imagination."

"But I ain't got no imagination," replied the old man; "and tell 'ee that I have see! 'em agin and agin, and many beside me. Ask Mrs. Daws there, she knows all about 'em."

"You had better drive your cows off the lawn, Jabez," said the housekeeper, tartly, as she succeeded in turning the ponderous key in the lock of the hall-door, "instead of talking such nonsense. The gentry have no belief in such things."

"Have you?" demanded Oliver Brandreth, fixing his eyes upon her inquiringly, for he had not forgotten the singular visitant that had glided through his chamber on the night he slept at the hall.

"I have heard strange noises," answered the woman impatiently, for she evidently disliked being questioned on the subject, "and have sometimes fancied they might be the voices of the dead lamenting over the ruin and desolation of their former home. But it must have been 'imagination,' she added, "for I never saw anything worse than myself."

"I should say not," observed the colonel, drily.

Mrs. Daws regarded him scornfully; she fully understood the sarcasm.

"You are angry," she said, "because I don't choose to rake up the ashes of the dead to gratify your curiosity or malice—it may be either or both—and utter slander of those whose bread I have eaten I can bear it."

At this shot the old soldier looked rather disconcerted. He felt that he was right in his impressions, although at a loss, perhaps, to justify them.

As the housekeeper turned from the house, the Dowager Lady Fairclough caught her by the hand.

"Are you a mother?" she demanded.

"No!"

"At least," continued the pleader, "you can feel for a mother's sorrow. As you trust for happiness hereafter, as you would rest in a quiet grave, answer me. Has any intelligence ever reached you of my child, my darling Annie?"

"No," said Mrs. Daws, compressing her lips firmly together the instant she had pronounced the word.

"There doesn't believe her, does 'ee?" said the farmer, as the housekeeper, to avoid further solicitations on the subject, walked rapidly away. "She do know where Sir Cuthbert be well enough. It was only last week she told my missus he were in Tilly—Hilly. I know it wor some place ending in 'ly.'"

"Jilly!" cried Oliver Brandreth, eagerly.

"That be it," exclaimed Jabez, clapping his hands. "Egad, young gentleman, but thee beast 'enter nor L'!"

Our hero mentally congratulated himself on having obtained one piece of information by his visit to Rockingham Hall.

"Thee might ha' knowed she wor tellin' a lie," added the speaker, "when she screwed and pursued up her mouth so."

"There's no art."

To find the mind's construction in the face,"

observed Colonel Grey, quoting from his favorite poet. Despite the greatness of her disappointment—and to a mother's heart it was a sad one—his piece insisted upon crossing over the road to visit the old barn, whose doors still hung half open upon their rusty hinges. She shuddered as she pointed out to her relative the pile of straw in the corner where the gipsies had concealed themselves.

"Gipsies?" repeated the rustic, who had followed them, "ay, there wor lots on 'em in this part of the country a year or two ago, but they be all gone; and a good riddance on 'em, tho' Keelan—that wor the head of the gang—knew more about cattle than half the doctors in the place."

"And where have they taken themselves to?" inquired Oliver, willing to try how far the information of the speaker extended.

"Who knows, young gentleman?" replied Jabez. "The gipsy tribe have as many borrowas as rabbits, and be nearly as mischievous. I don't think even Mistress Daws, w' all her cunning, could tell 'ee that."

Unlike the housekeeper, the speaker did not refuse the gratuity that was offered to him, and he withdrew, rejoicing less, perhaps, in the gift, than in having something to relate to his gossip and neighbors about Mrs. Daws and the visit of the strangers to Rockingham Hall.

Sadly dispirited, the travellers returned to London. Oliver Brandreth smiled as the carriage rolled along the road towards Lincoln, and pointed out to his companions the hill where he and Phil had waited the arrival of the express. Neither was the inn, where they had changed horses and the contest with the usher and stable boys took place, passed unnoticed.

"I wish Phil were here," he mentally ejaculated.

But Phil was safe in London, under the watchful care of his guardian, John Compton.

(To be continued.)

"A SPECIOUS appearance does much," said a begging preacher to his decorous flock, "but an appearance of specie does more. Last year when I preached for the Penitentiary, I saw nothing but shillings in the plate. You must have thought, my brethren, that I was preaching for a twelve-penny-tentary."

## FIX.

A Communication from Mons. Bon Jean.

ADDRESSED TO A TRANSATLANTIC EDITOR.

MONSIEUR—SARE—Vill you have ze complaisance to tell me ze véritable meaning of ze leetle vord *Fix*. I am étrangere; I hear ze vord *fix* used for many tings. I do not know precisment vot he mean. Mons. you sall tell me, s'il vous plait.

I come here from Paris, chère Paris; I brings von letare of recommendation, vich present me to Mons. Jonson. Ver good man, Mons. Jonson. He come to my hotel, ze Girard House; he say to me, "You vill come to live viz me, at my house." So he takes me to his cabriolet, my trunk all bring down, he tell ze servant put ze trunk behind ze cabriolet; ze servant say, "Yes, sare, I *fix* him." Ze servant put him on ze cabriolet, and tie him very hard.

Zen I say to myself, "Ah, ha! *Fix*! I put him down in my leetle note-book."

"*Fix—to tie him very hard.*"

Zen we go to ze house of Mons. Jonson, grande house in grande street; we get out of ze cabriolet; two, tree servant come, Mons. Jonson say to zem:

"Take ze trunk up to ze apartment of Mons. Bon Jean."

Ze servant say: "Yes, sare, I *fix* him."

Zen I say: "Ah! here is nozare meaning. I sell put him down."

"*Fix—to take ze trunk to ze apartment.*"

When I come to my chambre, I find him very fine chambre! large! all ting magnifique.

I open my trunk and make ze toilette for dinner. When I go down stair I hear one *filie de chambre* say: "Madame Jonson, is she in ze saloon?"

Nozare one say: "No, Mons. Jolivet is *fixing* her hair."

"Ma fol, *fixing*. Now I sall see," I say, "one dame with her hair *fix*!"

Ven madame come, she have ze hair in ze curls beautiful! icroyable! So *fixing*, he mean, to curl ze lady's hair.

Madame Jonson fine dame. Beautiful, de grande embonpoint! leetle too much embonpoint; wear ze robe of black velvet wiz ze diamond superb.

Many ladies and gentlemen take ze dinner viz Mons. Jonson. One gentleman wish to take ze vin viz Madame Jonson. Ze servant not able to draw ze stopper out of ze decanter, Mons. Jonson say, "Give him to me, Jean, I *fix* him."

He takes ze decanter, give it one leetle tap on ze table and take ze stopper out.

"Parbleu!" I tink. "*Fix*! I sall put him in my leetle note-book."

"*Fix—to unloose; to take out ze corks.*"

Servant zen open ze bottle of champagne, and ze cork bang! he fly out. Mons. Jonson's leetle boy he asks: "Pa, what make him cork fly out?"

Mons. Jonson say: "Ze *fix*ed air in ze vine."

Ma fol! I put him down:

"*Fix—to go off pop.*"

In ze evening comes more dames et messieurs. I converse long time viz Madame Jonson. Very fine lady. Of good taste! She like Les Modes Parisiennes, ze vin Parisiennes, ze lace Parisiennes, ze robe of silk Parisiennes, ze bijouterie Parisiennes ze shoe, ze glove, ze carpet, ze furniture, everyting Parisiennes. Very sensible lady, Madame Jonson.

Zen her bracelet of diamond come unclasp, and catch in ze lace sleeve. Madame say: "Mons. Bon Jean, have ze goodness to *fix* my bracelet."

Ma fol! *fix*. I not know how to *fix* him. I disengage ze bracelet, I clasp him on ze arm she hold to me. Madame say: "Tank you. You *fix* him very nicely."

So I sall put in my leetle book:

"*Fix—to clasp ze bracelet.*"

I lean over ze table near Madame Jonson some long time after, and I hear ze servant say: "Madame, ze supper is ready."

She say: "All ready?"

He say: "Oul, madame, everyting is *fix*ed."

We go into ze *salle-a-manger*, find ze grande entertainment. Superbe! *Fix*! I sall put him down:

"*Fix—to serve ze grande entertainment.*"

Ze next morning Mons. Jonson invite me to go to ze counting-room viz him. On ze vay he say to me: "Excuse me, Mons. Bon Jean, I wish to call and see my lawyer, Monsieur Screwem."

We call at ze office of Mons. Screwem. Mons. Jonson talk viz ze lawyer. I sit in ze ante-room. Lawyer come out viz Mons. Jonson. He say: "I'll *fix* him! I'll *fix* him!"

Ven ze goes out in ze street, I ask Mons. Jonson vot ze lawyer mean when he say, "I *fix* him!"

Mons. Jonson say, "I have dishonest debtor, want to cheat me. Screwem make him pay ze debt."

I say, "Zat vot you call *fix* him?"

Mons. Jonson say, "Just so!"

So I sall put him in my leetle note-book:

"*Fix—to make rogue pay his debt.*"

We go to ze compting-room of Mons. Jonson. Large room. Many clerk.

One clerk bring a paper to Mons. Jonson. He say: "Here is Bankum's bill! Wants ze money to-day."

Mons. Jonson take ze paper. Say, "I'll *fix* it."

He draw cheque, give it to ze clerk, say: "Zat is *fix*ed."

Ah, ha, monsieur, very strange word zat *fix*, he mean "make rogue pay debt," he mean "pay your own debt."

Mons. Jonson say to me: "Mons. Bon Jean, vill you like to take one ride; see ze city; see ze environs."

I say: "Very much oblige, I like him much."

So he send garcon; in leetle time drive no groom viz carriage, vich he call York wagon. Very high, very light, beautiful horses!

We get in ze wagon, drive through ze street, see gentleman drive very fast, his wagon strike post; break ze wagon; horse run away; leave him Gentleman lie on pavement; sit upon pavement; rub his head viz his hand. Mons. Jonson say: "Hulloo, Smashum, vot ze matter?"

Smashum look up, say: "I'm in a *fix*!"

Vat you tink of zat, monsieur? Ven all tings knock to pieces, gentleman hurt, he is in a *fix*. Isn't ze word drole, monsieur?

I say to Mons. Jonson: "Vill you no stop to help you friend?" He say: "O no! Smashum got money plenty. He get everyting *fix*ed, toutie suite!"

So ve drive on.

Bimeby ve drive back to ze city; come to ze mansion of Mons. Jonson.

Mons. Jonson say: "Ve are jest in time. Now we sall go in and *fix* for dinner."

*Fix! Fix! Fix!*

Monsieur, vill you ave ze goodness to tell me ze véritable meaning of *fix*. In America everyting is *fix*. Everywhere, everybody, everyting is *fix*ed! It mean all tings, it mean all doings, it is universale. *Toutie espèce de chose* are *fix*. I ask Mons. Jonson to tell me ze true meaning of *fix*. He say: "Now you got me in a *fix*. I not can tell you. But you sall write to monsieur; he know everyting; he know everybody; he write to everybody; everybody write to him. He is grand *savant*. If he not can tell you, no man living can tell you." *Voilà mon embarras!—Votre serviteur obéissant,*

ANASTASE ACHILLE MAXIMILIEN

LOUIS DE BON JEAN.

ENCOUNTER WITH A HUGE SERPENT IN MINNESOTA.—On the 1st instant a party of men from St. Joseph, Mobile, while out hunting in that vicinity, heard one of their dogs growl and then howl, a short distance in the thicket and on running thither they found him in the coils of a huge serpent. They soon shot the snake. The snake is undoubtedly the one that escaped from Mable's menagerie last summer in Kansas. It measured forty-three feet in length, and three and a half inches around the largest part of the body. The ball entered the left eye of the reptile, and passed through the brain. The snake instantly uncoiled from the dog, and raised its head the full length of its body—over forty feet. Those who witnessed the death struggles of the snake speak of them as being frightful. It first coiled itself up in a heap about the size of a house-end, lashed the ground and its body with its tail, and as it swayed its mangled head first to one side and then the other, the hunters turned away from a scene so horrible to look upon.





THE LIEDERKRANZ MASKED BALL—FATHER RHINE DRAWN IN HIS TRIUMPHAL CAR BY SWANS, WITH ATTENDANT NYMPHS AND SPRITES OF THE RHINE.

INAUGURATION OF THE CLARK MILLS STATUE OF WASHINGTON, IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 22, 1860.—THE S



THE GALLANT SEVENTH STORMING THE CRACKED BARREL—PROVISIONS IN DEMAND.



THEY INDULGE IN A QUIET GAME OF CARDS—THEY USE THEIR KNAPSACKS FOR CARD-TABLES.



IMPROVISING A NEW LODGE OF THE SONS OF MAUL—PUTTING AN UNWILLING CANDIDATE THROUGH HIS INITIATION.



SOME OF THE GALLANT SEVENTH COMPOSE THEMSELVES TO SLEEP—PROBABLY TO SHORE—A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE IS FORMED TO AWAKE THEM.

# CELLION

One Hundred and th Anniversary  
Washington.

INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF  
WASHINGTON IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 22, 1860.

Presence of the twenty Reg

LAST WEDNESDAY, the one-hundred and th anniversary of Washington's birthday, with the usual pomp and circumstance over the Union, among the great people of the city, never heard, and in popular sites at the time of the death had never felt the time. But the most important and significant ceremony in the inauguration of the statue of the great Republic at the Seat of Government.

(Contd.)



THE NEWSPAPER CH. ACORDARY N. INVENTOR COMPANY.





SPANIED BY THE TRIBUTARY RIVERS OF THE RHINE. KNIGHTS, YANKEES, AND OTHER DEVOTEES AT THE SHRINE OF FATHER RHINE.—See Page 216.

—THE SEVENTH REGIMENT INVITED TO JOIN THE CELEBRATION—INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL ON BOARD THE CARS. &c.

LION

nd Anniversary of  
ashley.

N'S STATUE OF  
TO CAPITOL.

eventh Regiment.

ony-eighth anniversary of  
with the usual respect all  
g to that great patriot had  
opposite at the time of his  
e to. But the most imposing  
nyne inauguration of Clark  
republic at the Federal

(Contd.)



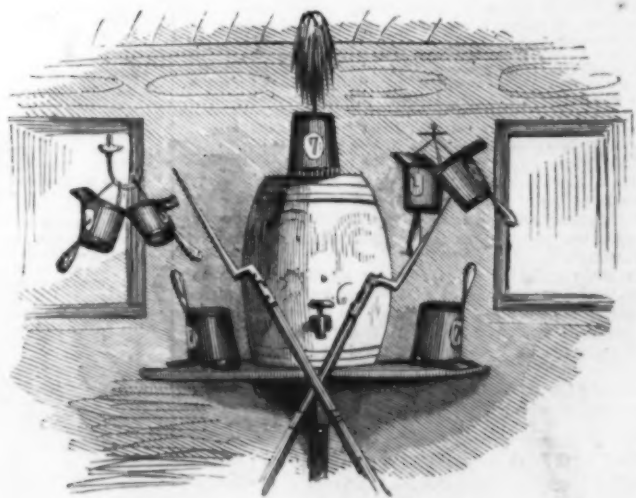
THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AT WORK—THEY CHOKED THE SMOGERS WITH SMOKE UNTIL THEY WAKE.



THE GALLANT SEVENTH MAKE THE MOST OF THEIR DIFFICULTIES—CLOSE QUARTERS, BUT GOOD CHEER.



THE DEMOSTRATIONS OF THE SEVENTH MAKE A GRAND ORATION WITHOUT ANY BUNKUM—TO SPEAK OF.



GRAND TABLEAU OF WATER CASK, FORMING A GRAND AQUATIC AND MILITARY DISPLAY.

ORDINARY NIGHTCAP  
COMPANY.



There, sixty years after that noble American had passed away, amid the pomp and circumstance of one of the greatest Powers on earth, in a city named after him, was reared the first national representation of our guiding star through the perilous storm of a seven years' struggle with the strongest of European Powers.

This ceremony received additional interest from the visit of the Seventh Regiment, thus representing the commercial metropolis of Washington's Republic at the Seat of Government. This gallant corps went on the special invitation of Congress.

Owing to the torrents of rain that continued to fall, the ceremonies were necessarily postponed, and it was three o'clock before the cortege formed. At that hour the clouds broke up, and the sun shone with unobscured splendor. The city military then formed line before the City Hall, and was joined by the Seventh Regiment of New York, the Baltimore City Guard and the Law Grays. At half-past three the column moved, and the other associations fell in, making a cortege of above half a mile. The Seventh Regiment was especially the observed of all observers, and made a most imposing appearance with its eight full companies. The Baltimore City Guards and the Law Grays came in for their share of admiration. The Washington Navy Yard Marines, as well as the Ordnance men, looked remarkably well. The George Town College Cadets were also much praised. At four o'clock the column reached the White House and halted.

The scene in Pennsylvania avenue at this minute was peculiarly striking, it being crowded with thousands of spectators, who thoroughly entered into the spirit of the day. The various colored uniforms of the military afforded brilliant contrasts, while the sun upon their glittering decorations completed the picture. In addition to these were the President, Vice-President, Cabinet Ministers, Senators and Representatives, and other high dignitaries. Over this gorgeous scene rose the swell of martial music, peeping the air with glorious harmonies.

A little on one side were the City Authorities, the Members of the Maryland Legislature, the Masons, including the Fredericksburg, Virginia, Lodge, in which Washington was initiated one hundred and six years ago. The latter bore the interesting relics connected with Washington's history as a Mason, including the original papers, the list of Members of the Lodge, and the Bible used on the occasion of his installation as a Master Mason. The Potomac Lodge, of Georgetown, produced the gavel used by Washington when he laid the corner stone of the Capitol.

Major-General Jessup had command of the military, and George W. Phillips, United States Deputy Marshal for the District of Columbia, charge of the civil branch of the procession.

The firemen, resident and visitors, made a fine independent display. They split off from the main procession on a point of etiquette, desiring to be placed near the military, and not in proximity to the civilians.

The procession having reached the circle, the military wheeled to the right of the inclosure, while the more distinguished civilians entered it and took seats on the platform. The President and Vice-President sat in the centre, with Mr. Boscok, the orator of the day, and Mr. Clark Mills, the sculptor, near them. The Cabinet Ministers, with the exception of Mr. Secretary Floyd, sat together.

The platform was tastefully decorated with the flags of England, France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Brazil, Peru, Chili, the Netherlands, Ecuador, Denmark, Portugal, Sardinia, Central America, Naples, Spain, Mexico, Buenos Ayres, Paraguay and Rome. Our own flag waved above all, and the desk was profusely decorated with stripes and stars.

Towards five o'clock the ceremonies commenced by Dr. Nadal offering up a prayer. When this was finished, Senator Hammond introduced the Honorable Thomas S. Boscok, the orator of the day, who pronounced a reverent and glowing eulogium on Washington. We regret that our space is too limited to permit even a synopsis of this brilliant oration, but it has been so extensively published that it has doubtless been read by every citizen who feels a pride in our national history. Mr. Boscok was greeted with great applause, and acquitted himself in the most masterly manner.

George C. Whitney, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, then proceeded to conduct the Masonic ceremonies, and addressed the Right Worshipful Senior Grand Warden in a becoming speech. When this was over, the Grand Master, advancing to President Buchanan, presented him with a gavel, with these words:

This gavel was made expressly for the purpose, and was used by Washington, as President of the United States, and as Grand Master of Free Masons, presiding in laying the corner stone of the Capitol, on the 18th September, 1792, and I now have the honor of requesting, in the name of the Fraternity, that you, his successor, will now likewise employ it in the crowning act of the dedication of this statue.

The President then took the gavel and came forward, when he was received with the most vehement cheering. When it had subsided, he said:

Fellow citizens—I accept the auspicious omen now presented to us in this calm sunset, almost without a cloud. The early part of the day was boisterous. Many accidents occurred to delay the progress and the completion of these ceremonies. But these occurrences have terminated as, thank God! always has been the case in the history of our country. If storms and tempests beset us in the morning the end of the day is still clear, bright and animating. Such, I trust, will ever be the issue of the gloom and darkness that for a season appear to envelope us. (Applause.) The honorable and important duty has been assigned to me of dedicating this statue of Washington, which is a noble production of native American genius. This welcome and grateful task I now proceed to perform, standing here on this beautiful and commanding position, surrounded by the Senators and Representatives of all the States of the Confederacy, and by a vast assemblage of our fellow-citizens, civil and military, and in full view of the noble Potomac, which Washington loved so well, and of the shores of the ancient Commonwealth which gave him birth. I now solemnly dedicate this statue to the immortal memory of the Father of his Country. (Applause.) I perform this act of pious devotion, not in the name of the people of the North or the South, the East or the West, not in the name of those who dwell on the waters of the Atlantic or of the Pacific, but in the name of the whole American people of the United States, one and indivisible, now and for ever. (Loud applause, and cries of "Hurrah for old Buck.") May the God of our fathers preserve the Constitution and the Union for ages yet to come—may they stand like the everlasting hills against which the tempests from every quarter of the heavens shall beat in vain—in a word, may they endure so long as the name of Washington shall be honored among the children of men. (Renewed and prolonged applause.) May Washington City, which he founded, continue throughout many generations to be the Seat of Government of a great, powerful and united Confederacy. Should it ever become a ruin by a dissolution of the Union, it will not, like the ruins of Halbeck and Palmyra, be merely a monument of the vanity of human greatness, but it will teach the lesson to all the dwellers upon earth that our grand political experiment has failed, and that man is incapable of self government. May such a direful disaster to the human race be averted, and, in the language of Solomon at the dedication of the Jewish temple, "May the Lord our God be with us as He was with our Fathers. Let him not leave us or forsake us." (Applause.) May this be the prayer of all present, and may each one return to his home in heart more ardently patriotic, and more determined to do his whole duty to God and his country than when we assembled here to-day.

The Chief Magistrate then retired amid the loudest acclamations. At this minute Mr. Clark Mills, the sculptor, advanced, and gave orders for the unveiling of the statue. A part of the canvas covering remaining, a young man sprang nimbly on the horse and removed it, thus sating to the public gaze the sculptured form of the ever-illustrious Virginian.

Meanwhile the thundering of cannon, sounds of music, throat-straining cheers and expressions of wild delight greeted the exhibition. The waving of hats and handkerchiefs by persons within and outside the enclosure was noticeable, and these signs of joys were also made by persons on housetops, in trees and other elevated points.

Mr. Mills made a few modest remarks, which were extremely well received, and then retired.

## INCIDENTS OF A TOUR TO WASHINGTON.

By our Special Correspondent.

I NEED not dilate on the compliment paid by the Committee appointed by Congress to conduct the Washington statue inauguration, to the gallant Seventh Regiment to be present on that most interesting occasion. I shall also pass over the march down Broad-

way, and the glances the handsome soldiers received from the bright eyes that lit up like living stars the firmament of windows that shone over these brave men. I shall commence in the cars, and give you a few items that came under my own observation, which my travelling companion, your artist, has illustrated in his own graphic style.

The utmost cheerfulness prevailed, and I must say if ever a military life seemed charming in my eyes it was now. Every moment the military fever grew stronger, and it was only my unconquerable modesty that kept me from deposing Colonel Lefferts on the spot, and assuming the onerous duties of their colonel. Over all their fun, badinage, persiflage, comment and conversation, there rested that gentlemanly abandon for which the Seventh are so famous.

As they breakfasted early, it was soon evident how rapidly the fatigues of the campaign had awakened the cravings of hunger.

### The Seventh Storm the Cracker Barrel.

and the first idea I had of the horrors of war was given by their simultaneous attack upon that Malakoff, the cracker barrel. Had it been filled with glory instead of biscuits they could not have advanced to the charge with greater valor. As the poet sings,

Crackers to right of them, crackers to left of them,  
While I much wondered  
Where they could stow them in,  
When from cask sundered.

The peculiar music made by a chorus of cracker munchers, to the deep accompaniment of the railroad rumbling, reminded me of the incantation scene in "Der Freyschutz."

### They Extemporise a Society of the Sons of Malta.

After this *déjeuner à la cracker*, one of them, who had been reading your "Exposure of the Sons of Malta," proposed the establishment of a branch Lodge, which was carried *à nemine contradicente*. A certain code was improvised, which had all the fun of the original without its other elements. Loud and long was the laughter that greeted the unhappy wight who fell into their clutches, until all were thoroughly fatigued with the broad grinning and side-splitting performance. As I am under the spell of secrecy I cannot reveal the ceremonies, which will therefore descend to the grave with me, however much I may long to divulge them, and my wife may implore me with the usual woman's curiosity to only tell her a "little bit."

### The Seventh Play Cards.

As a rest after the Cracker campaign, and the Solferino of the Sons of Malta ceremonies, the sympathies of these elbows of the Mincio, as the *Times* terms them, took refuge in a game of whist, which requiring quiet was admirably well chosen, since every one of the eight hundred gave miscellaneous and discordant advice all at the same time, to the utter bewilderment of the gallant players. Jones trumped his partner's trick, and Smith revoked suit with a frantic disregard of consequences, until at last, finding that they could not tell a knave from a king, they gave up, each partly claiming the victory.

### An Exposition of Sleep cometh over the Seventh.

The three campaigns of Cracker, Malta and Whist now began to produce in the warriors a desire for rest, and a number of them succumbed to the dreamy god, and unblushingly fell into the arms of Somnus.

### A New Nightcap.

I was particularly charmed with the ingenuity of one gallant fellow. Finding his cap not a pleasant head cover for dreamland, he took out a copy of a certain paper, and formed it into an excellent *domet de nuit*. He told me, confidentially, that it was the most soporific covering he ever wore.

### The Seventh Organize a Vigilance Committee to Murder Sleep.

But the unsoldierly behavior of these somnolents justly aroused the indignation of the more vigilant soldiers, and a Vigilance Committee was formed to sustain military discipline! What might not happen if an army of Amazons suddenly appeared? who can tell the horrors of falling into an ambushade of grass widows? This band of Spartans, therefore, with strongest tobacco, smoked these drowsy heroes out, and brought them to their waking senses again. It was rather amusing to hear the incoherent remarks as they awoke. Those who talked in their sleep made revelations which would entitle them to a considerable dose of Caudle!

### The Orator of the Day waxes Eloquent.

In order to keep them awake, the Phalaris of the regiment proposed a speech. This was vociferously seconded, and for an hour never was such a Niagara of eloquence poured over the bewildered ears of man. I have a short-hand report of it at your service.

### The Seventh Banquet in the Car.

The activity of the orator's jaws evidently put his companions in mind of supper, and no sooner had the glorious discovery been made that they too had mouths and something to put in them, than a supper was organized in the shortest possible space of time. Knapsacks were converted into "a one man table," and the hooks on the roofs of the cars were decorated, as though by magic, with ten thousand accoutrements; here was a cap, there a belt—But my space warns me to leave them at their supper, enjoying the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." Thus ends the opening of my campaign. We shall give in our next an account of the inauguration.

## CLARK MILL'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

The statue of Washington, designed and executed by Clark Mills, was inaugurated in the City of Washington, on the 22d instant. We have illustrated the statue, together with the beautiful pedestal as it will appear when completed. The following description will minutely explain our illustration:

The pedestal will be of marble, about twenty-five feet in height, to be divided into three stories, illustrating the three great epochs in the history of the country, the figures to be executed in bronze. The first story is to represent the country as it appeared on its first discovery, when inhabited by the Indians; the second story, its general aspect under the changes wrought by the hand of civilization; the third and last story, the great revolutionary struggle—to be surrounded by the colossal statue of Washington.

The first story is seen in low relief. The Indian is represented as engaged in his favorite sport—capturing the buffalo, pursuing the mouse and deer, and cultivating his corn and tobacco. The first panel of the second story is in high relief. The white man appears cutting his way into the dense forest, with hope and prosperity beaming on his countenance. In a corner of the same panel the Indian is seen retiring—looking wistfully back, loth to leave his hunting-grounds but obliged to fly before the face of civilization. In the second panel, the white man has cleared away the trees, erected his log-cabin, and is cultivating his ground, symbolic of which are seen his oxen and plough. To show some of the difficulties which he had to encounter here and there, from behind the trees, the Indian is seen shooting him down with the very rifle which the white man taught him to use. This leads to a war. The next panel shows the battle with the Indians—man to man, arm to arm—but the white man is represented as gaining the ascendancy. The next scene is the symbol of his progress in agriculture, commerce and the arts, and his comparative power and independence. At this stage fresh difficulties arise, and these are the troubles with the mother country. The next succeeding panel exhibits the three shiploads of tea in Boston harbor, and white men, dressed as Indians, throwing the tea overboard. The next panel is the signing of the Declaration of Independence. This brings us to the third epoch, the Revolutionary War.

The third story is in full relief. Washington's Generals appear of the size of life. Eight of them are mounted on horseback; the rest are represented in groups as if in consultation, holding a council of war.

The crowning figure in this great historical representation, is the statue of the Father of his Country, represented as he appeared at the battle of Princeton, where, after attempting several times in vain to rally his troops, he put upon his horse and dashed up to the cannon's mouth. His terror-stricken horse stops and recoils, while the balls tear up the earth beneath his feet; but Washington, cool, calm, collected and dignified, leaving himself simply an instrument in the hands of Providence to work out the great problem of liberty, remains firmly seated, like a god upon his throne. The repose of the hero, at this moment of imminent peril to his life, contrasts admirably with the fearful agitation manifested by his noble but unreasoning steed, who is sustained by none of the considerations which impart courage to the hero and the Christian.

## THE LIEDERKRANZ MASKED BALL.

THE great ball of the German Musical Association—*der New Yorker Liederkranz*—already partially illustrated in our paper, presents a curious phase of that Teutonic life which has of late years been abundantly transferred to this country, yet which is comparatively little studied even here. The genial spirit of fun, illustrated in grotesque, picturesque and barbarous forms as seen in the masked balls of Europe, is but little familiar to the American public and few are aware of the amount of amusement and the eccentric traits of character developed in them. A masked ball of a superior description is political and social history confused. The great men and women of bygone days, the popular incarnations of national fun as shown in Clowns, Jack-puddings, Harlequins, Scaramouches, Pulcinellos, Sbrighellas, Pierrots, John Bull, Brother Jonathans and Gracioso are, like Swiss peasants and mythical characters, all expressions of social development, and it is very interesting to see these again adopted by individuals to whom they are congenial. In our engraving the reader sees in full the procession in which Father Rhine is drawn along in his swan chariot by Pierrots or Pantalones, Harlequins, a lion king at arms, the river Moselle, knights, the Nymph of the Lurlei-berg, Yankees, and other characters. To those who recel the great influence of the Rhine with its legends and songs on Germany, this mask will appear very appropriate in a German ball. Those who have heard *das Rheineinlein* thundered out in wild chorus, will appreciate this:

"Am Rhein, am Rhein, dort wachsen unsere Reben,  
Ge-egnet sei der Rhein!  
Dort wachsen sie am Ufer hin und geben,  
Uns diesen Labewein."

The Rhine, the Rhine, 'tis there our grapes are growing,  
A blessing on the Rhine!  
They grow upon its banks, from them comes flowing  
This cheering, noble wine.

We regret that our limits forbid a more detailed account of this festival. We would gladly detail some of the merry adventures which befel us while committing to sketching paper the varied costumes and groups around—how we gave aims to a merry little maiden with a hand-organ, and how the same mask returned them after changing her dress to the Tyrolese, imposing herself on us for an entirely different person—how old friends puzzled us with new faces, and how new faces were mistaken for old friends. Sufficient to say, that all went merrily.

"Till morning's beaming,  
And we returned to dream asleep  
What we awake were dreaming.  
To laugh, to sing, to dance, to range,  
Oh, in our heart's recesses,  
We dress in fancies quite as strange  
As these, our fancy dresses."

## LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

February, 1860.

THE political affairs remain just as my last letter left them. Progressing towards the establishment of Italian Freedom, Mazzini, that stormy petrel, has published a letter he has written to the editor of a Glasgow paper, in which he narrows down his Republican aspirations to Italian unity. Difficult as it is to teach such theoretical man as Mazzini and Kossuth, the march of circumstance will force upon these dreamers a practical wisdom, midway between the theoretical abstractions of Utopian systems and common sense, and it is not impossible that the modern Riemzi may yet settle down into a very staid Senator of the Sardinian Parliament. These ultra men have had the advantage of living among commonplace people like the English, where everything is brought down to the common sense level of—how will it work? Such men as Kossuth and Mazzini are rather for cutting down men to the Procrustean bed of their own inches, than for making beds to fit the men.

It is rumored that both France and England have authorized Victor Emanuel to make the annexation of the revolted provinces an accomplished fact, a proceeding which would at once force Austria, Naples and Piedmont, to either give a sullen passive consent, or sting them into active opposition. Such a proceeding necessarily implies also the passive assent of Russia and Prussia, for whatever may be the omnipotence of the Western Powers, there is a latent feeling in England against all these *nonchalant* assumptions of power calculated to neutralize the national policy. The House of Commons is too evenly balanced to allow any experiments in European diplomacy, and this will prove a very wholesome check upon the French and English autocrats—Napoleon and Palmerston.

Despite what the English papers may say at present, I should not be surprised if Savoy and Nice were annexed to France, since it will require these little spoils in the pan to reconcile the Cerberus of French vanity to swallow Free Trade and English Constitutionalism, for disguise it as you may, the establishment of a Northern Italy under the constitutional rule of Victor Emanuel is really and truly the triumph of the British system over the French idea. System and idea are words that truly represent the two nations. Louis Napoleon, whose intuition of human character in the aggregate, that is, in its national form, is remarkable, revealed the distinguishing feature of the French when he said that France was the only nation that went to war for an idea. He has equally shown his knowledge of English character by irritating them at first and soothing them afterwards. I have noticed during my stay among these Britons, that the surest way to make them generous, is first to arouse their suspicion and then convince them that they have done you an injustice. Like all very earnest people, they rush into extremes and overdo their *amende honorable*.

A very common opinion prevails that the Papacy will have Louis Napoleon assassinated, but they know too well that his death by means of the bowl or the dagger would be a signal for every lamp-post to bear that rottenest of all fruit—a priest! Besides, Colonel Deschamps, who commands one of the French regiments at Rome, told the Cardinal Antonelli's secretary that if anything happened to Louis Napoleon he would not be answerable for the security of the Holy Father and the Cardinals, as the French garrison might blow up the Vatican in its fury. Upon Cardinal Antonelli complaining of this "blasphemous speech" to the Duke de Grammont, that nobleman referred him to General Goyon, who bluntly told the cardinal that Colonel Deschamps spoke the truth. The best thing that could be done would be to blow up the whole rookery of Rome, as Martin Luther advised, and scatter the cowardly monks.

Lord Palmerston's Ministry had a defeat the other evening on a question of inquiry into some expenses. It was of no importance, a only 200 members were present. When the Government neglects giving orders to their whipper-in, it is evident they do not care about the division. Although there is a little talk about Reform, the subject does not seem to interest the masses, the Italian question absorbing every other. The London *Weekly Dispatch*, the most consistently radical of the press, boldly advocates the shelving of reform till the Italian matter is disposed of, adding, that the battle of freedom must be fought there first, and urging that nothing domestic should be allowed to embarrass the Ministry. One thing at a time is a good motto.

The Jewish element is getting very bumptious here. Five Jews in Parliament! It is certainly a discount. Last week, Mr. Dayman, a magistrate, put his foot into the Jewish hornet's nest. A poor Jewess was brought up before this second Daniel for begging. She told the magistrate that he ought to know that people of her persuasion scorned to beg. The ungracious magistrate coolly said that he very well knew people of the Jewish religion never had any scruple in taking whatever they could lay their hands on. Next morning the magistrate received a solemn castigation from the Thunderer; whereupon the pugnacious Britisher wrote to the editor of the *Times*, telling him he did not care one button what the *Times* said, as it was never read by any respectable Englishman! The *Times* publishes the magistrate's letter, and says that he is a greater ass than it believed it possible for anything human to be.

The captain of an English vessel was lately tied in London on the following strange charge: It appears that he was engaged by the Chilean Government to transport certain political offenders from Chili to England, which these South Americans evidently consider as a Botany Bay for all revolutionary spirits. On their arrival at the Azores, the captives demanded to be left there. The Britisher, however, stuck to his agreement with the Chilean Government, and took them on to Liverpool. On their arrival there they had the captain tried for false imprisonment. He was found guilty, Judge Erie deciding that the conviction could not be sustained as to what had been done on the Chilean territory, but that defendant's justification ceased immediately upon his leaving the Chilean territory; and that the English master of a ship on the high seas was as much within the jurisdiction of the English law as if he were upon English land. This will make English and American captains very careful in conveying political offenders from despotism to freedom.

After all, Garibaldi is really married. The happy bride is a Miss Raimondi. She has the advantage of a small property on the Lago de Como, while her heroic husband has the advantage of being thirty years older than "his fair companion in arms"—I speak now as a soldier. It is to be hoped that the difference in years is the only difference they will ever know. Alexandre Dumas has been slaying with the veteran bridegroom, taking notes, like Cuttle, for a Life of Garibaldi.

The treaty between Victoria and the Tycoon of Japan was ratified on the 11th July, 1859. It is almost the same as the American treaty with that strange people.

Perhaps the well-known star of Sadler's Wells, is to assume the management of the Princesses. He is decidedly the right man for that place.



Garibaldi has written a letter expressing his high sense of the services which the British volunteers may render to their country. He points to several instances in which volunteers have beaten off the most disciplined troops, and contends that, if well trained, the civilian riflemen will prove a wall of defence such as will render England—"the asylum of all, and the protectress of the universe"—impregnable against any foreign invasion.

It has lately been decided by the High Court of Justice that "attempting to pick a pocket" is not an offence known to the law. Success makes the crime. The Judges decided that it would lead to much litigation, since one man might think another was contemplating an attack on his pocket, when he was thinking of Tennyson's last now "Idyll." As the poet says, for

"Satan finds some mischief still  
For Idyll hands to do."

Thackeray's magazine is pronounced very stupid. Everybody is laughing at the maudlin reflections on the death of Macaulay and Washington Irving. Since Pecksniff got drunk at Mrs. Todgers', and pronounced his famous eulogium on that lady's locomotives, there has been nothing more utterly absurd and Pecksniffian than Thackeray's "De a good man." Such words from such a man are ludicrous.

JONATHAN

### PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Nobility—Orders—Le Verrier and Arago—Dumas the younger—Queens of the Ball—French tourists in America—Decline of the French drama.

SOME time ago, our good Louis—the Emperor, you know—determined to separate the wheat from the tares, by decreeing an investigation into the validity of all the titles borne in Paris, and prohibiting the humbugs from ranking themselves among the real noblesse. This determination created consternation over all the Gallic nation. So many persons have quietly crebbled themselves into little countships and deships, and have hunted with such success among old papers for some fibres of nobility, that they have ended by really believing themselves to be of the real blue blood and genuine aristocratic porcelain, subtracting, of course, such admixture as the Milles, Lemoines and Jolly pages and footmen have occasionally made in pedigrees. "See what children we have," said a little French marquis in the last century, pointing to his herculean valet, "and then see what children they have," he added, pointing to his own diminutive form. Well, the bogus nobility had to submit, and the result is becoming apparent on visiting cards. Thus a vast shoal of the Du Monts have become Dumonts, and are dismounted from their pinnacle of rank with a little m and no space. The Du Bois have become Dubois, and can no longer du us. Madame La Bonne de Civray has become Madame Labonne (de Civray), that is to say, from Civray, and not as if she were of its reigning feudal family. The gentleman who visiting-carded it as M. le Cte. de Libourne is now plain M. Lecomte (de Libourne). After all, good friends, 'tis a matter of very little consequence. Go to Italy—ah, there is a sunny land, full of all beauty and oranges, and there titles may be bought—dies, so cheap. A marquisate, \$1,500; in Florence, \$750; a countship, \$900; a ducal order, \$2,500; Papal Order of the Golden Spur, \$50.

As for the right to be called "de," 'tis nothing, sir. If you buy a marquisate, they'll throw you in a half dozen dainty little orders, do them up like chocolate drops in a paper, twist up the end and save twine, and throw you the lot with a low, deep, smoky grimace, and a heartfelt *Velo ringrazio, signore*. But the orders are only given for merit, ah, yes. As the Council of Ten said in Venice to a man would fain buy an order, but hesitated, because he deemed himself not sufficiently a man of merit, "You have money—that is a great merit." It is cheerful to see, however, that the real men of science in this age are making it a point of etiquette to despise decorations. After A. Humboldt's death they found his jumbled in a heap—untouched. In his younger days, Le Verrier, the chef of the National Observatory, was a great puppy. After his discovery of the planet Neptune, he received the *legion d'honneur*, and about the same time an invitation to visit Louis Philippe at the Tuilleries. Poor Le Verrier, unheeding the gleam of the new world which shone like an aureole over his reputation, he was sadly troubled to think that he could not appear before King Louis without a pretty little red ribbon at his button-hole, for the order had not yet been sent him. He confided his sorrows to Arago. "My dear boy, don't let that trouble you," exclaimed the old sage; "there is a whole drawer full of orders, all perfectly new. I have never put any of them on."

Alexandre Dumas, the younger, left some time since for Rome. He was to be presented to the Pope, and the hope has been expressed that he will return with a few indulgences, or at least with a little indulgence for his contemporaries. Those who have heard the young quadroom speak in conversing of other living French authors, will say that a little indulgence and charity would become him very well.

Figaro gives us some entertaining items relative to the *reines du bal*—the brilliant, naughty girls who figure at public balls; who are worshipped by students, who are beloved by verdant Englishmen and Americans to be leading "lorettes." Among these delicious priestesses of the dance, these European Ghawaze and Nautch girls, who distinguish themselves by the extreme of cynicism, shameless wit, and it must be admitted by many attractions, are four who are at present wonderfully popular—Margaret Rigobache, surnamed La Huguette, Alice the Provencale, Rosalie Cancan and Finette la Coquette. It is a curious indication of Parisian taste that these four young ladies, their personal peculiarities, their history and style are all detailed in a respectable paper. Fancy the *Tribune* or *Times* devoting their editorial columns to an admiring description of four of the most brilliant trotting women of your virtuous and moral New York!

Why is it that no European seems capable of writing home a truthful letter from America? Here is one from New Orleans, in that same *Figaro*, full of falsehoods and follies than a Christmas pudding is of plums. Smoking in Bos on, carrying bowie knives, the nigger not allowed to ride in the cars—the old hand organ tunes ground out over and over and over again. Such travelers disgrace themselves by this endless carping and fretting and fault-finding. Cannot some one Frenchman see the good in your America, the enormous industrial progress, the degree in which your country surpasses his in education, in agriculture, in freedom of the press. But it is the old story. While on the one hand no men have done America nobler justice than our De Tocquevilles, our Chevaliers; on the other hand, none have maligned it with such miserable pettiness and small mosquito-like malignity as Frenchmen of the smaller sort.

Of the theatres—nothing. To what good all this chat of Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, Guillery, Madame Lagier and old Le Maître? The fact is that in France as in every other country at present the drama is going down, and is no longer worthy to be called an art. We are groveling in the dregs of the drama, ignorant boys and girls are taking the primary places once filled by educated youth. There must be a revival, or we may as well return to puppets.

Yours ever,

PAXBURGE.

### A HINT TO LADY RAILROAD TRAVELLERS.

THE following anecdote details a frolic, which those who understand more than one language, and are full of mischief, often have an opportunity of indulging in, in a railroad carriage.

Not many months since, a young Parisian, travelling in Germany, took the road from Strasburg to Berlin. In the carriage he selected were four other persons, two mammas and two daughters. The two mothers were face to face in one corner, the young man took the opposite, and found himself face to face with the young ladies. The Parisian put on a distraught and absent air. The collector came to demand the tickets. The young man paid no attention at all when the request was many times repeated. Roused at last from his reverie in presence of the ladies, he had recourse to ruse to avoid exciting ridicule. "What are you saying?" said he; "why do you not speak French?" The collector then explained by signs, the ticket was examined, and the young man returned to his reverie; but not to enjoy it long, for this time the young ladies aroused him. They began in full voice.

"This young man is a very handsome one," said one.

"Hut, Bertha!" said the other, with a sort of affright.

"Why, he don't know a word of German," said Bertha. "We can talk really. What do you think of him?"

"Only ordinary," was the reply.

"You are difficult to please. He has a charming figure, and genteel air."

"He is too pale, and besides you know I do not like dark men."

"And you know I prefer dark to fair. We have nothing but fair faces in Germany." It is monotonous and commonplace.

"You forget you are a blonde."

"Oh, for women it is different. He has nice moustaches."

"Bertha, if your mother should hear you?"

"She is busy with her talk to your mother; besides, it is no harm to speak of moustaches."

"I prefer the light moustaches of Albert."

"I understand that Albert is espoused to you; but I, who am without a lover, am free to exercise my opinions, and as free to say that this young man has beautiful eyes."

"They have no expression," returned Bertha.

"You do not know. I am sure he has much spirit, and it is a pity he does not speak German; he would chat with us."

"Would you marry a Frenchman?" asked Bertha.

"Why not, if he looks like this one, and was spirited, well born, and amiable? But I can hardly keep from laughing. See, he doesn't mistrust what we are saying."

The young traveller was endowed with a great power of self-control, and he had preserved his absent and inattentive air all the time; and while the dialogue continued he thought what curious results his attempt to avert a laugh by pretending not to know German had brought about. He looked carefully at Bertha, and his resolution was taken. At the next station the collector came again for the tickets. Our young man, with extra elaboration and in excellent German, said, "Ah, you want my ticket. Very well—let me see; I believe it is in my *porte-monnaie*. Oh yes, here it is."

The effect was startling. Bertha nearly fainted away, but soon recovered under the polite apologies of the young Frenchman. They are pleased with each other, and in a few weeks Bertha ratified her good opinion of the young man, and her willingness to wed a Frenchman. They are now living at Hamburg.

### HOW IT WAS DONE, AND WHO DID IT.

#### A CHESS STORY—A FACT.

Written for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

By Nemo.

IT was on the evening of the 19th of October, 1845, at the old Carlton House of jovial memory, that a snug little party of some dozen or so merry fellows had concentrated themselves after the retirement of the ladies, at the end of one of the long dinner tables, when an universal call for wine and cards, succeeded by the immediate organization of a "Court of Dover," gave strong indication that the "boys" were bent on having a good time, such indication being by no means weakened when George V— was by acclamation voted to the chair.

The business of the evening progressed right merrily; wit, wine, fun and good humor being the order of the night—but woe betide the unhappy wight, who, under circumstances no matter how tempting, should deliver himself of anything approximating to a pun—such offence being in the eyes of our worthy president the unpardonable sin, and its penalty an instantaneous fine.

As time wore on and empty bottles went off, the exclusiveness of our comparatively speaking juvenile assemblage was invaded by the appearance of Mr. Z., then known as one of the best chess-players in the United States, whose mission was to invite certain of us, among whom was Mr. C. H. S—, to a private exhibition of an automaton chess-player, to take place in the immediate vicinity that evening.

For my own part I jumped at the offer, but nothing could persuade S to budge, declaring that his position was so good that he would rather make a draw than vary his play by a single move. At this obstinacy both Mr. Z. and myself were somewhat disconcerted, as we had entertained the hope of pitting Mr. S. against dummy. Some satisfaction for our disappointment was, however, immediately awarded to us, for C. H. S., giving way to an irresistible weakness for perpetrating bad puns, had now the barefacedness to attempt a small sell on the president himself, a proceeding, as it will be shortly seen, which could be by no means adopted with impunity. "Mr. President," said S., "can you say why the automaton chess-player should always win?" To this query an emphatic and somewhat contemptuous "No" was the concise reply. "Because," mildly suggested Mr. S., "he ought to-mate-on all occasions!" Down came the inevitable hammer, and as Mr. Z. and myself were passing from the room we heard, in stentorian tones, the words, "Waiter! a bottle of Lafitte on account of Mr. S."

In company with several other delegates from the Carlton House—then the headquarters of American chess-players—we now proceeded to the scene whereon the proposed triumph of mechanism over mind should shortly culminate. On arrival we found that we had been preceded by a goodly assemblage of both sexes, and a few minutes subsequently the veritable automaton entered appearance; Turk, box, beard, chessmen, board and all.

After a first formal introduction of his protégé, the exhibitor proceeded with his endeavors to convince his audience of the impossibility that any human being could be concealed within either box or figure. To this end, in the first place, he opened a drawer some seven inches in depth, situated in the base of the box; he also at the same time, by opening a door in the body of the figure, showed them that no vestige of humanity was therein hid. After closing both drawer and door, there appeared to be but one compartment, wherein a cat could be concealed, which had not already undergone our scrutiny. This compartment was now also thrown open, and to our utter astonishment, we found that it was absolutely crowded with some incomprehensible sort of machinery, leaving not a niche available as a hiding-place for the most minute specimen of human nature.

The entire audience having expressed their complete satisfaction with the result of their inspection, the machine was now closed for play, and the exhibitor boldly challenged the company to select their strongest man to battle against his champion on the chequered field.

To this *defi* Mr. Z. promptly responded, and the chessmen were duly placed for the commencement of the game, the intense excitement in the meantime pervading the whole body of spectators. The first move was conceded to the automaton, and in due time, after a rolling of the eyes and the employment of such other means as he might have at his command to enable him to look as intelligent as circumstances would permit, he gradually and with deliberation raised his left hand, which again lowering over the board he grasped his king's pawn, lifted it from its own square and safely placed it at his king's fourth square. After a burst of applause from the spectators, intermingled with expressions of the liveliest astonishment, the game was proceeded with in the manner following:

#### ATMUTOMAN.

1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3
3. Kt takes P
4. K Kt to B 3
5. P to Q 3
6. B to K 2
7. Castles
8. Q Kt to B 3
9. P to K R 3
10. K Kt to R 2
11. P to K B 4
12. B to K B 3
13. Kt to K 2
14. Kt to K Kt 3
15. B to K R 5
16. B to K Kt 6
17. Q to B 3
18. B to Q 2
19. P to Q B 3
20. B takes P
21. P to K R 4
22. R takes P
23. Kt to Kt 4

#### MR. Z.

1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3
3. P to Q 3
4. Kt takes P
5. K Kt to B 3
6. B to K 2
7. Castles
8. P to Q B 3
9. P to K R 3
10. K Kt to R 2
11. P to K B 4
12. Kt to Q 2
13. Q Kt to B 3
14. P to Q 4
15. Q to B 2
16. B to Q 3
17. B to K 3
18. Q to Q 2
19. B to K B 2
20. Q to B 2
21. P to K Kt 4
22. P retakes.

Mr. Z. here remarked to a friend, "How it is done and who does it, for the life of me I cannot say, but he works his knights more like S. than any player I ever saw. If we had not left him just now, well into his third bottle, I would have sworn that he was at the bottom of it."

#### ATMUTOMAN.

24. B takes P
25. Q takes B
26. Kt takes Q
27. B takes Kt check
28. R takes R check
29. Kt takes Kt
30. R to K
31. R to K 7 check
32. Kt to K 5 check

#### MR. Z.

23. P takes P
24. B takes B
25. Q takes Q
26. Kt to R 4
27. K takes B
28. R takes R
29. Q R to K B
30. R to B 4
31. K to Kt 3

Mr. Z. again loq. "It's all up now, of course. As soon as ever the game is finished we'll run over to the Carlton and see if S. is there still. If he is, the devil himself must be stowed away in that box, somewhere."

#### ATMUTOMAN.

33. P to K Kt 4 check
34. P takes R
35. P to Q 4

#### MR. Z.

32. K takes Kt
33. K to Kt 4
34. R takes P

Mr. Z. resigns.

With the conclusion of the above game the exhibition likewise terminated, and but few minutes could have expired before we were again at the hotel, when upon looking into the dining-room there, sure enough, was the veritable C. H. S. in his old seat, and still enjoying the convivialities of the evening with the same party we had left at table some two hours previously.

A period of thirteen years had elapsed since the occurrence of the incidents above narrated, the queries, "How was it done?" and "who did it?" remaining still unanswered, when the writer chanced again, in company with other friends, to meet Mr. C. H. S—, who, by the way, in the meantime, after being the acknowledged chess champion of America for a lengthened period, had in his turn, in common with all other living players, succumbed to the superior prowess of our own Paul Morphy.

The conversation in the course of the evening having reverted to the memorable performances of the chess automaton, Mr. S—, thinking, justly, that the chess fraternity had been sufficiently mystified, by the following confession solved both questions:

"You will understand, then, gentlemen, that when you left me at

the dinner table, under my ordinary dress I had on a black, close-fitting shirt and drawers, and that immediately on your departure I followed. There is much virtue in a backdoor, of which I took full advantage; and whilst you were comfortably arranging yourselves in your seats, I was enabled to do as follows:

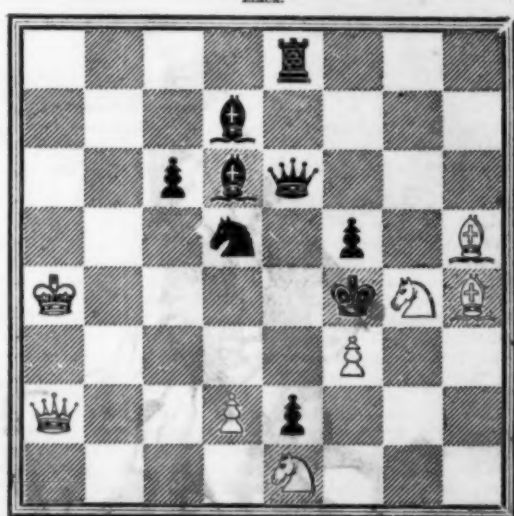
In the first place, I stripped myself to my shirt and drawers. I next entered the machine by a door at the left extremity of the box, when I sat down, assuming the form of a capital L, so that when the bottom drawer, the back par of which was so arranged as to lay down, was opened, it could remove to and fro without let or hindrance. You will remember that while the drawer was still open the interior of the figure was shown, and appeared to contain some complicated sort of machinery; as also was the case on opening the large door in the centre of the box. You now appeared to have seen through the entire interior of the box and figure, with the exception of the perpendicular portion of the letter L, which compartment, in fact, contained my body corporate, and the opening of which would seem, as a matter of course, to expose the whole deception. On the contrary, however, when that was effected, the other door having been previously closed I had time, by leaning forward, to drag after me some wooden lattice work, arranged in fanlike form, thus occupying the space which my body had just vacated. When the machine was closed for play, my task was easy. In the first place, shoving aside all the bogus machinery in the box, I had plenty of room for myself, and afterwards, by means of a cord and pulley, I let down and removed all incumbrances from the interior of the figure, myself occupying its place, and having, through a wire gauze in the Turk's breast, a complete view of the chessboard, I could play away at leisure, two circumstances only interfering with my self-confidence—the one lest I should sneeze, the other lest I could not abstain from laughter at my friend Z.'s shrewd guesses as to "how it was done and who did it." The rest is soon told. I was a little too quick for you in departure, so also was I on my return; and my absence from a noisy party for an hour and a half was scarcely observed, even by the individuals composing it themselves."

### CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2496, N. Y. P. O.

PROBLEM No. 228.—By "SYNAX," Pawtucket, R. I. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

CHIEFS AT OXFORD.—In the following game, recently played at Oxford, Mr. Brien gives the odds of the Q Kt to an amateur:

(REMOVE WHITE'S Q Kt.)

- | WHITE.<br>Mr. B. | BLACK.<br>Amateur. | WHITE.<br>Mr. B.            | BLACK.<br>Amateur. |
|------------------|--------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. P to K 4      | P to K 4           | 11. B to Q 3                | Kt to Q B 4        |
| 2. Kt to K B 3   | Kt to Q B 3        | 12. B takes P (ch)          | K to R sq          |
| 3. B to Q 4      | B to Q 4           | 13. Q to Q B 2              | P to K Kt 3        |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4   | R takes P          | 14. B to K Kt 5             | Q to K sq (e)      |
| 5. P to Q B 5    | B to Q B 4         | 15. B to K B 6 (ch)         | K takes B          |
| 6. Castles       | Kt to K B 3        | 16. Kt to K Kt 5 (ch)       | K to K Kt sq       |
| 7. P to Q 4      | P takes P          | 17. Q to Q B 4              | Kt to K 5          |
| 8. P takes P     | B to Q Kt 5        | 18. Kt takes Kt             | P to Q 3           |
| 9. Q to Q Kt 5   | Castles (a)        | 19. Kt takes Q P, and wins. |                    |
| 10. P to Q 5 (b) | Kt takes K P       |                             |                    |

(a) A bad move, which loses a piece; Q to K 2 would have been the correct play.

(b) Mr. Brien takes prompt advantage of his adversary's weak play.

(c) If 14 P to K B 3 16 Q to K R 6, and wins.—Eds.

### SNIPE IN MOURNING.

ALL the world knows that there are "tricks in every trade except ours," that mutton can be bay-leaved and otherwise changed to venison, and that in Europe people will never buy rabbits unless the head and paws are on—cause why—cats do eat uncommonly like their long eared cousins. But every one may not know as well as the editor of the *Cleveland Herald*, who intends in future to be very careful in his sniping, particularly when he pays snipe prices; witness the following dark and gloomy legend:

Every person acquainted with the business of the lakes must know Captain P., a steamboat officer of high repute, under whose care thousands of travellers have been conveyed speedily and comfortably between Cleveland and Buffalo. The captain is "a portly man of faith and a corpulent," has a jolly face and a hearty laugh, tells a capital story and relishes a good joke, even though he be the butt of it. Among the captain's numerous acquaintances was a "denied good fellow," of a sporting turn of mind, who was always short of cash, and being disinclined to work, contrived to shoot himself into a decent subsistence.

Now the captain's weakness was snipe, and the appearance of his shooting friend with a string of those birds was also his precursor of a trade. During the season Captain P. never ran his boat alongside the pier without finding his sporting friend awaiting him. Once on a time snipe were unaccountably scarce, but thanks to the sportsman's skill, or some other cause, the captain's supply never missed or fell short. The only difference was, that in order to save trouble "to the purchaser, the birds were now always plucked and tressed before being brought for sale."

Matters proceeded in this way for some time, when the captain invited a friend to dinner and of course snipe formed a prominent dish. The guest was posted on snipe, living and cooked; was an old sportsman, and something of an epicure. He marvelled at the good supply of the temporarily scarce bird, but was assured by his exulting host that his supply of snipe had remained bountiful, though that of other people had failed. The guest looked narrowly at the bird on his plate, turned it over, cut and tasted it. Laying down his knife and fork he looked the captain solemnly in the face.

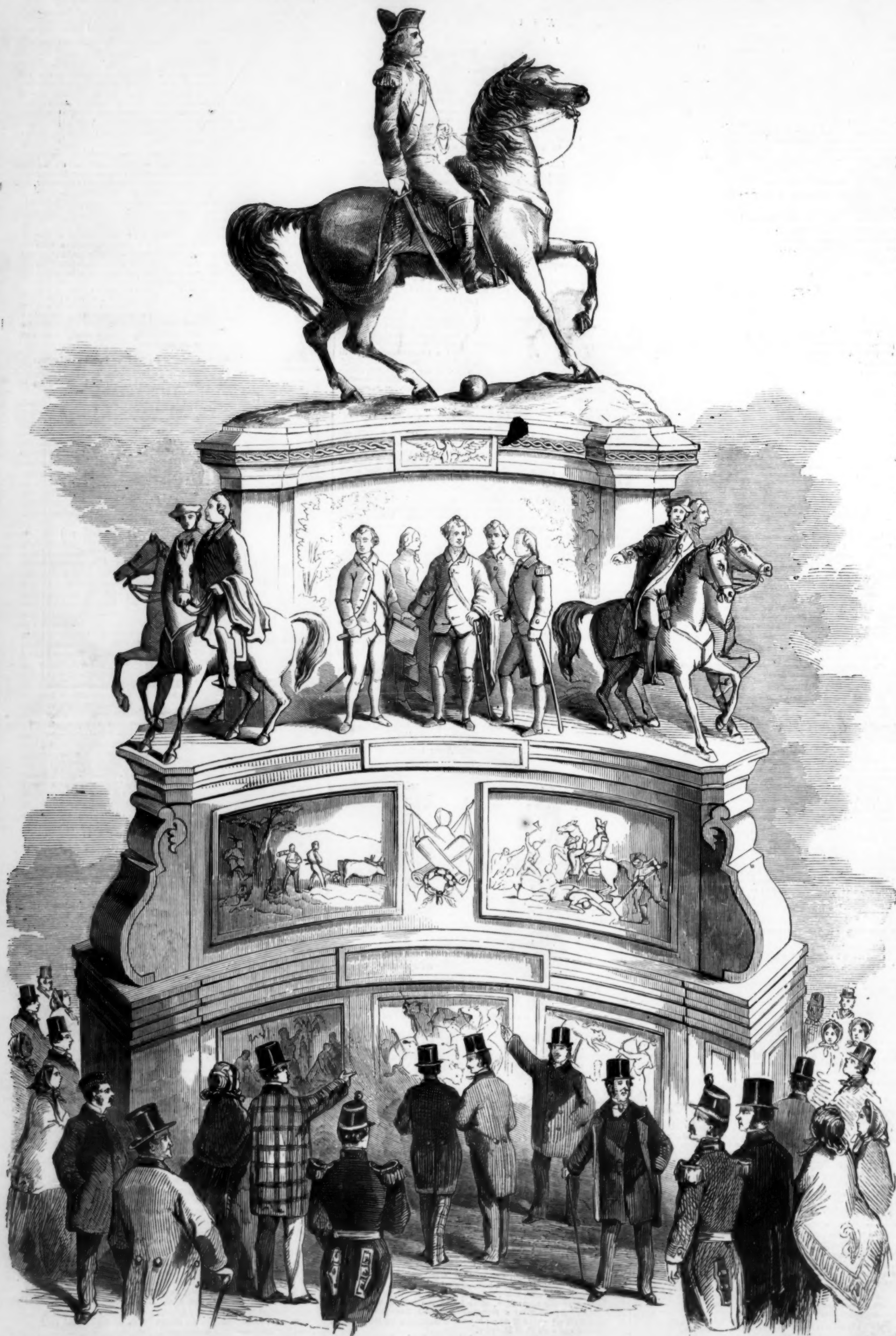
"Captain P.," said he, "do you buy the feathers with the birds?"

"No," replied the surprised host, "for the last five or six weeks I have bought them plucked."

"Then let me advise you in future to do so, and avoid snipe in mourning feathers—they taste exactly like blackbirds."

The remembrance of the dozen of "plucked" birds he had bought and eaten as snipe, flashed across the captain's mind. Next day he was invisible until the steamer was ready to start, and he made no more purchases of snipe that season.





THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, DESIGNED BY CLARK MILLS, ESQ., WITH THE PEDESTAL AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED—INAUGURATED AT THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 22, 1860.—See Page 216.



**CLARK MILLS, THE SCULPTOR.**

CLARK MILLS, whose portrait we give above, was born in New York some forty-seven years ago, and had the misfortune to lose his parents at a very early age. Brought up by a relative, he was apprenticed to a millwright, which trade, after working for some time, he abandoned, to try his fortune in the South. On his arrival in Charleston, S. C., he engaged himself to a mason, and labored assiduously for nearly two years. Accident developing the bent of his genius, he devoted every moment to the study of sculpture, and soon attracted the attention of several eminent connoisseurs of that art. He soon became famous for the excellence of his plaster busts, and rose at once to fame by an admirable likeness of John C. Calhoun, which he modelled out of Carolina marble. The citizens of Charleston were so delighted with it that they voted Mr. Mills a splendid gold medal.

In 1848, while on his way to Italy, he stayed at Washington for a few days when he was agreeably surprised by the Jackson Statue Committee confiding to him the task of celebrating the hero of New Orleans. He consequently abandoned his Italian tour, and took a farm near Washington, in order to prepare for his great work.

In 1853 he accepted the still more glorious responsibility of suitably representing the great Founder of our Republic, a work which was inaugurated in Washington last Wednesday, and which we illustrate in our present paper.

**MORRIS JACOB RAPHAEL, CHIEF RABBI OF THE NEW YORK JEWS.**

The recent opening of the House of Representatives by a Jewish Rabbi officiating as Chaplain is certainly a striking feature of the times, evincing the triumph of an enlightened religious opinion over the vulgar prejudices of the world. This compliment was, however, well deserved by our Jewish fellow-citizen, since it would be difficult to find a class more unobjectionable in a national point of view.

Morris Jacob Raphael, whose portrait we give this week, is the Chief Rabbi of the American Jews, and preaches at the great Synagogue in New York. He was born at Stockholm, Sweden, in September, 1799, and was the son of a wealthy merchant, who destined him for the Jewish ministry. He was educated at the Jewish College of Copenhagen, and was so precocious that in his thirteenth year he received the Hebrew degree of Chabur Sochus, which entitled him to the honorable designation of Rabbi. In 1812 he went to England, where he remained for six years, devoting himself to the study of the English language. The next six years he spent in travelling through Europe. On his return to England in 1825 he married and took up his residence in London. In 1832 he gave some lectures on the Biblical Poetry of the Hebrews, and in 1834 commenced the publication of the *Hebrew Review*, the first Jewish publication ever issued in England. When this had reached its seventy-eighth number ill-health compelled him to relinquish it. In 1837 he published his *Translation of Maimonides*, and other eminent Rabbinical writers. In 1839 he published his *Festivals of the Lord*. In 1840 he acted as Secretary of Dr. Solomon Herschel, the Chief Rabbi of London, and one of the most blameless men of his times. The declaration against the persecution of the Jews in the East was from Dr. Raphael's pen. In 1841 he was appointed Rabbi preacher of the Synagogue, Birmingham, England, and was engaged in several controversies, in which he ably and courteously vindicated the faith of his forefathers. He was also the chief instrument in founding the first national school in England for the education of Jews. At this time he advocated the removal of the civil disabilities of the Jews, and his speeches and writings greatly facilitated the election of his friend, Baron Lionel Rothschild, as member for the city of London.

In 1849, in obedience to a call from his co-religionists in New York, he prepared to depart for our Republic, and received from the Christian Mayor and principal inhabitants of Birmingham the unprecedented honor of a farewell address, acknowledging his eminent services to the cause of humanity. This gratifying proof of Gentile estimation was accompanied by a handsome present in money to defray his expenses. He had previously received from the University of Gießen the distinction of M. A. and Ph. D. Immediately on his arrival in New York he was installed as Rabbi preacher to the Anglo-German congregation here, where he has ever since remained.

He published some ten years ago *Devotional Exercises for the Daughters of Israel*, and has resumed his *Translation of the Holy Scriptures*, the first book of which he published in England. Rabbi Raphael enjoys the proud distinction of being the first Rabbi who has addressed himself as lecturer orator and author to the Christian population, and has endeavored to remove those absurd prejudices which have too long separated the old Christians from the new. His latest works have been *Post-Biblical History of the Jews and the Path to Immortality*, in which he has explained the doctrine of a future state as understood and believed in by the Hebrews. His wife, most exemplary lady, died in 1858, leaving him two sons and two daughters.

EXCHANGERS from the South say that the wheat crop is spoiled and the farmers are planting no wheat.



CLARK MILLS, ESQ., SCULPTOR OF THE STATUES OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AND GENERAL JACKSON. PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY.

**JUDGE INGERSOLL.**

CHARLES A. INGERSOLL was born in Connecticut in 1796, and was admitted to the bar in 1819, and was appointed the succeeding year to the Clerkship of the United States District Court of his native State. He was elected twice to the Senate, and subsequently



MORRIS JACOB RAPHAEL, CHIEF JEWISH RABBI OF NEW YORK.

Judge of Probate, and in 1853 was appointed to the office of Judge of the District Court of Connecticut. He married Miss Sedell, of New York, a lady eminent for her virtues and benevolence. On the death of Judge Judson, he was made Judge of the United States District Court of New York. His brother was Minister to Russia under the Presidency of Mr. Polk. He leaves three sons and a widow to lament the loss of an estimable husband and an affectionate father. About eight weeks ago Judge Ingersoll was seized with a complaint which baffled all the efforts of medical science. It first made its appearance in rheumatic affection of the chest, the violence of which produced a fever, from which his recovery was hardly hoped; but his naturally strong constitution sustained him, and about three weeks ago the public were gratified by the intelligence of his convalescence. About ten days ago he suffered a relapse, and, after sinking rapidly, he died on the 8th of February, conscious of his approaching fate, and resigned to the will of his Heavenly Father.

The last case that came before him in an official form was the celebrated Octoroon dispute, which remains unsettled. He was a learned and upright man, and is a great loss to the community. Our portrait is a most accurate likeness.

**ARCTIC EXCURSION TO MANHATTANVILLE.**

The snow storm of Saturday was very inconvenient to those who resided a few miles from New York, and were compelled to visit it on business. The trains on the Hudson River Railroad were remarkably unfortunate. Indeed the record of a trip from Chambers street to Manhattanville more resembles Captain McClintock's Expedition after the Franklin relics, than a return to the domestic hearth. The quarter past five train for Manhattanville and Peekskill was an hour going to Thirty-first street, having come to a dead standstill every ten blocks on its way. A number of passengers were then received on board. At ten minutes to seven the train started from Thirty-first street, when it was discovered that the locomotives were powerless, owing to the rails being covered with ice, which made the wheels roll round without catching hold of the rail. Upon this becoming known, many left the train to seek their fortune by other conveyances, or to abandon the expedition altogether. Obtaining the assistance of another engine, they were enabled to reach Barnham in another hour, but there they came to a full stop, for the Sing Sing train was found immovable. Perceiving, however, that it was

switched on the other tram, the train went on slowly and painfully; when, however, it got within half a mile of Manhattanville it came to a full stop. Here the Arctic travellers lost all patience, and got out to survey the country. What was their dismay to observe there were two long trains in a row between their own and Manhattanville. The quarter past five train was then backed down, and the other two trains taken in tow, and renewed efforts were made to proceed with these locomotives. The case seemed so hopeless, however, that after being exhausted with fruitless waiting, many of the passengers for Carmanville, Fort Washington, Riverdale, Tubby Hook and Yonkers, chartered open sleighs at exorbitant rates, and went home exposed to all the peltings of a pitiless storm. They fared badly enough, but the passengers who remained in the cars fared much worse. Those for Fort Washington reached that station between one and two o'clock on Sunday morning—only eight and nine hours from New York. One of the unhappy explorers assured us that, although he had a very pretty communicative lady at his side, he was too savage to flirt.

A LADY GAGGED AND ROBBED AT PITTSBURG.—This famous city, whose triumph in gun casting we commemorated last week, has lately produced an outrage equally remarkable. A Mr. Bell had collected together some three thousand dollars to purchase real estate, which, becoming known to some villains in the place, they resolved to rob him of it. In the evening, three men, having disguised themselves as women and watched the departure of Mr. Bell, rang the bell of his house. The door was opened by his wife, who, in reply to the question when Mr. Bell would be in, told them to come in and wait for him, as she expected him back very soon. They passed through the hall to the kitchen, where one took a seat, while the other two ladies, as they appeared to be, stood round the fire. As Mrs. Bell passed to the cupboard, she beheld to her horror that one of the ladies had a long beard. Giving a scream, she attempted to escape from the kitchen, but was thrown down by one of the ruffians, while another filled her mouth with warm wax, which effectually closed her woman's prerogative. They then tied her hands and feet and left her to ruminate in the kitchen, while they ransacked the house for the concealed treasure. Fortunately for Mr. Bell, he had that very morning placed the money in safe hands. The villains were disturbed by the ringing of the bell by a confederate, and escaped through the back way. Mr. Bell's surprise at his wife's condition may be imagined. She was not otherwise injured. No traces of the men have been yet discovered.

COLLISION ON THE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—A correspondent informs us that there was a very narrow escape of a frightful loss of life last week on the



Cleveland and Erie Railroad, near the Fairview station, about twelve miles west of Erie. It appears that as the train was nearing the Fairview station, the speed was lessened, when a locomotive with no train attached to it, and which had been following the train from Erie, came up at full speed and dashed into the last car with hurricane fury. The engineer, when too late, had observed the approaching engine and had just restarted his train, but not in sufficient time to avoid the irrepressible conflict. The consequence was that the two last cars were broken very considerably, the passengers being thrown from their seats in the wildest confusion. One man was thrown from one end of the car to the other, and his head was badly cut. Mr. Crossman, of Boston, had his leg much injured, but with these exceptions none were hurt, although terribly frightened. One of them, a clergyman, was so alarmed that he commenced praying with great vehemence, and a lady swooned so that it was some time before she could be restored to consciousness. The engineer of the aggressive locomotive had, strange to say, been trying to reverse or slacken his engine for the last three miles, but without effect. There must be blame somewhere, but we suppose it will never be found out with whom it rests.

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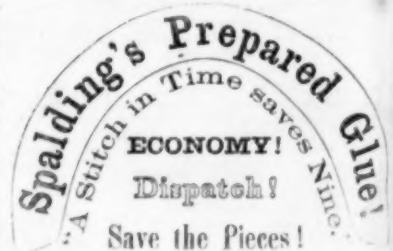
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